

THE
RURAL MUSE:
OR, A
COLLECTION
OF
MISCELLANY POEMS,
BOTH
COMICAL and SERIOUS,

BY
ALEXANDER NICOL,

Thither thou know'st the world is best inclin'd,
Where luring Parnass most his beams imparts;
And truth convey'd in verse of gentlest kind,
To read sometimes will move the dullest hearts.
Fairfax tran. Tasso.

Here you may have a hotch-potch dish,
Made up of various things;
Conform to ev'ry reader's wish,
The *RURAL MUSE* she sings.

EDINBURGH:
Printed for the AUTHOR. 1753.
[Price Two Shillings.]



T O

THE HONOURABLE

JAMES HALYBURTON

of PITCUR, Esq;

Member of Parliament for ORKNEY and
SHETLAND, and Colonel in the Third
Regiment of Foot-Guards, &c.

HONOURABLE SIR,

TO screen my weak performances from the malice and detraction of uncharitable readers, made me to seek shelter for them under the shadow of Your protection; hoping it will not derogate any thing from Your honour, tho' I cannot say they are worth Your notice; but, having Your countenance, they will be acceptable to all into whose hands they shall come.

And tho' I had been as famous an author as Virgil or Horace, I could expect none but Yourself to be my Mæccenas, seeing I was born and brought up within Your inheritance; therefore You will excuse, and pardon me for presuming to trouble You with such insignificant trifles: which yet, if at Your leisure-hours You shall deign to cast Your eyes on, tho' they do not edify, may divert You. For my former performances

iv DEDICATION.

mances have been taken notice of by men of honour and learning; and the more, because I never had any education: and Your Honourable Father was my best of many friends. The Right Honourable the late Lord GRAY was the first that took notice of me, upon MONORGON's recommendation, with several other worthy gentlemen: At length the Right Honourable the Earl of MORTON encouraged me. So that I grew ambitious to appear in publick: and applying the present Lord GRAY, he accepted of my dedication, which made my heart as light as a feather. And now once more I am reviv'd by You: as You see by this verse in my broad Scots phrase;

The late Lord GRAY, and mony mae,
 Lang syn did tent my rustick pipe:
 My pipe was green, but new cut frae
 An ill grown reed, and was nae ripe.
 The Earl of MORTON neist enquir'd
 What I cou'd carol, sing or play:
 His Lordship what I sung admir'd,
 And rais'd what I cou'd never lay;
 And syn, without a' lett or had,
 I strutting came to publick view:
 My cap'ring fancy maeft gane mad,
 That's anes again reviv'd by You,
 Sure, pride's the gyte of ignorance;
 For fools are easilie puff'd up:
 But when sic leads me out to dance,
 E'en let my fancy take its scope.
 Fare fa' your heart that cur'd my spleen,
 When I was dwining like to die:
 I dowie fate and aft did mane;
 But now I'll sing right merrilie.

And

DEDICATION. V

And when I sing I'll ay hae mind
O' You, and ever with Your heal:
And when I drink, be't ale or wine,
You for my toft fall never fail.

Now, HONOURABLE SIR, Your countenancing me confirms Your character: for all admire Your goodness, charity, generous condescension, greatness of mind, noblest friendship; and, above all, Your passionate concern for the welfare of Your country.

I never inclin'd to flatter any man; and tho, I were, am not capable of flattering one of Your judgment and learning; and I cannot say here so much as common fame says with respect to Your high character: therefore, lest I should offend, I say nothing but what I know to my own experience; and that is, since You countenanced me, many persons of note have taken notice of it, and have followed Your example.

Indeed, there are some so puffed up with pride, that such as I cannot get access unto them; but I do not reckon these persons of honour, but rather fools: and commonly such have no other character; for pride never dwells with virtue, and a good character; otherwise You might have repulsed me after this manner;

Thou punie soul, think'st thou that we
Regard ought that's perform'd by thee?
Thou and thy *Rural Muse* may go
To vulgar sots, that nothing know,
But to converse with sheep and cattle;
And unto them your nonsense rattle.

vi DEDICATION.

It is not true honour that is conferred by kings on Hamans and parasites; but true merit is the fountain from whence true honour flows. And, HONOURABLE SIR, this is exactly You: for Your merit is obvious, even to the vulgar, insomuch that Your tenants happiness is envy'd by all others.

All are oblig'd to honour, love, and prize
Great publick spirits, by a thousand ties:
The city, country, and each family,
Are blest, while under such authority:
Like planet stars, they spread their influence
On all around their place of residence.

All publick spirits publick blessings are;
And it is only their peculiar care
Their nation's welfare always to advance,
And help all that are low in circumstance;
Ev'n as 'tis said, Atlas the earth upbears,
So they support all those within their spheres.

Now, HONOURABLE SIR, that You are one of these publick spirits, is evident to all that have any acquaintance with You. I shall conclude with wishing You all manner of agreeable and sinless satisfaction, while Your life is protracted to be a publick blessing to all Your dependents, and,

Your most humble, and
most obedient Servant,

Collace, Aug.

24. 1753;

ALEX. NICOL.

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A P O E M

Shewing the ORIGINAL, ANTIQUITY, BEAUTY, and GLORY of MASONRY: Also its PROGRESS, IMPROVEMENTS, and USEFULNESS: With a DESCRIPTION of the MASON'S LODGE. All which is concluded with an Ode sung to the Tune of *The free and accepted Mason.*

To which is prefixed, instead of a Preface,
A POEM on the printed Pamphlet.

By ALEXANDER NICOL, a free Brother,

'Tis not, indeed, my talent to engage
In lofty trifles; or to swell my page
With wind and noise: but freely to impart,
As to a friend, the secrets of my heart;
And in familiar speech to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
Knock on my heart: for thou hast skill to find
If it be solid, or be fill'd with wind;
And, thro' the veil of words, thou view'st the naked mind. }

DRYDEN.

Although my numbers be but faint and lame,
I've ventured fairly to subscribe my name.

To all free and accepted MASONS.

WORSHIPFUL BROTHERS;

ACEPT, kind brothers, of my weak essay
 On that grand ancient art of Masonry:
 A secret kept since first the world began,
 And still unknown to the most searching man:
 Obtain'd by none save in a legal way;
 Nor will, while lasts alternate night and day:
 Pretending fools will find themselves mistaken
 And all their confidence will soon be shaken:
 Their vain pretensions better far they'd smother,
 Than be examin'd by a lawful brother;
 Yet uncontroul'd they'll boast of mighty things,
 And seem as proud as emperors and kings.

The Mason-word (says one) I know as plain
 As any brother in the Mason's train;
 For I have seen the whole in open print,
 About which they so great a bustle vent.
 O, says the other, can the thing be true?
 For I of it had once a single view.

True, says the first, Ay 'tis the Mason-word,
 As sure and plain as any can afford:
 A certain brother whom they disoblig'd,
 And treated badly as it is alledg'd,
 He in revenge their secret open made,
 And to the world the same he published.

As fools are wise still in their own conceit
 So these pretenders think themselves compleat.

If I should say, That printed pamphlet's nought,
 It would not change their vain and foolish thought:
 But let them answer points of entrance, then
 I'll call them brothers, and the best of men;
 But they may pore on pamphlets till they're blind,
 Ere they ought like true Masonry can find.

My poem will prove a riddle to all those
Pretenders, who nought of the secret knows:
To them, if told, yea, e'en the lightest word,
Would shrink their hearts, and turn their blood to curd.

But all free brothers, known in Masonrie,
Will in the poem secret beauty see.
Read and approve, or disapprove; all's one;
We know what's WHAT: pretenders pick your bone.

A POEM ON MASONRY.

AMBITION prompts my grov'ling muse t'aspire
To touch the highest string in nature's lyre;
Tho' like Apollo's heedless son, I may,
Grow giddy in my flight, and lose my way.

May rural muses poise my flutt'ring wing,
While these few lines on Masonry I sing!
If ought by me fam'd Masonry could raise,
My pen would fondly celebrate its praise:
I'd sing its glory in each age and place,
And from its rise its antient beauties trace;
Since monuments, and bright records of fame,
Illustrate to the world a MASON'S NAME.

What matchless patrons honour Masonry,
As sacred writ and hist'ry testify?
To set aside the Builder of this All,
Who is the first and great original;
Who gives all wisdom, and instructs mankind
All useful arts and science out to find.
Yet notwithstanding, and with reverence, we
May say that he did honour Masonrie
More than all arts found by the human race,
And long before invention first took place:

Yea,

Yea, the most High, the God of heaven and earth,
 Who spake, and all from nothing's womb came forth,
 Himself assum'd, and justly too may claim,
 The title of a Master Builder's name ;
 Who laid in Zion that chief CORNER-STONE,
 Whereby the elect's fitly join'd in One :
 He built the lofty rocks and mountains high,
 Under whose shades the beasts might shelter'd ly
 From scorching heat of Phœbus sultry beams,
 The only store-house of fresh water streams :
 He rais'd the arches of ætherial sky,
 Under whose vaults the winged fowls might fly ;
 Nine spacious spheres wherein the planets move,
 The footstool of his glorious seat above,
 Which (as by sacred writ we're plainly told)
 He built of jasper and of purest gold.
 Thus Masonry's original took place,
 When all this world was nought but empty space.

Next man was made lieutenant-lord of all,
 Productive of this great terrestrial ball ;
 Endu'd with reason and each faculty,
 Resembling most the sacred Deity ;
 Inspir'd with wisdom, able to invent
 Accomodations for his own content ;
 He'd first endeavour, doubtless, to procure
 A shelter for's repose, to rest secure ;
 A natural instinct whereby brutes purchase
 (To cherish nature) a quiet resting place.

But man more wise, especially that man
 Who gave his sons of every art the plan,
 Beyond all dispute he did houses build,
 Before the earth was either sown or til'd.

But Adam's son, first-born of mankind,
 Improv'd the art of Masonry, we find ;
 A city built for trade and government,
 Wild anarchy and factions to prevent :

Trade,

Trade, government and civil laws, we see,
Owe their beginning unto Masonrie.

The seventh from Adam, fam'd in Masonry,
Secur'd the Art to all posterity;
By building pillars, who yet extant stand,
As monuments wrought by his artful hand;
One of prov'd brick, the other stone secure,
That one might flames, the other floods endure;
Whereon he wrote a certain prophecy,
Thus writing is deriv'd from Masonry.

When all the world corrupted was with sin,
There was one faithful Mason found therein:
Yea, when all flesh was by a flood destroy'd,
He did find grace, and was by God employ'd
To build an ark, to preach and warning give,
That so his brethren might repent and live.
As sacred records plainly do express,
He was a preacher of pure righteousness;
Preaching, as well as other arts, we see,
Took its first rise from ancient Masonrie.

All artists, with their various craft and cunning,
Could not prevent or save themselves from drowning;
Save him, and his own family; no more,
Exempted was from that dire overthrow:
Thus Masonry, true Masonry, was found
Still to exist, when all things else were drown'd.

To satisfy the criticks curious eye,
The sacred writ will plainly testifie,
That he a Mason's character and name
Might fairly own, and as his honour claim:
Not by the ark he built; for carpenters
Might challenge that, that patronage was theirs;
But soon as he set foot upon dry land,
On Mason's art he first essays his hand,
And built an altar, whereon, as a priest,
He off'red sacrifice of each clean beast,

Where-

Whereat Jehoyah smelt so sweet a savour,
 That made him promise to the world its Saviour;
 And, as a sign he would no more destroy
 Nor with a flood his creatures more annoy,
 He sets his bow upon the clouds to shew
 His gracious purpose stands for ever true.

Thus miter'd heads that wear the sacred gown,
 Are not ashamed fam'd Masonry to own.
 Even Moses, meekest of the human race,
 This honourable art he did embrace;
 He hew'd and squar'd two tables fair of stone,
 The decalogue God did engrave thereon.

Mechanick arts, and lib'ral science, all
 From Masonry had their original;
 Tho' some, whose judgment groundless fancy sway,
 Say, it was founded first on geometry.
 The rule and square chiefly the compass show,
 From Masonry all other arts must flow.
 The compass sure belongs to Masonrie,
 And comprehends all in the world that be:
 It seems by compass all things first were made,
 And nature still is by a compass sway'd:
 So that, without all dispute, Masonry
 Of other arts has the pre-em'nency.

After the deluge men began to spread,
 And learn commerce, science, arts and trade;
 They, to secure that one of Masonry
 To after ages in its purity,
 They made a word and nam'd it secrecy:

Thence handed down it was by Memphian swain,
 By whom its derivations were made plain;
 He, as a faithful and accepted Mason,
 Taught a Tyrenian's son the secret lesson;
 Who was the most accomplish'd in his art,
 And acted still a faithful Mason's part

The Rural Muse.

To his companion of renowned fame.
Worthy to bear a faithful Mason's name;
He freely did communicate the same :
Who in his progress on a time by chance,
Found one who after wore the crown of France.
And taught him all the myst'ry of that art,
Which he acquir'd in every point and part :
By him this art and myst'ry did revive;
And with new glory in that kingdom live :

From whence it was to England introduc'd,
And made to flourish at the king's request ;
Who, by a royal charter and decree,
Fix'd an assembly every year to be
At York, where all accepted brothers met
The rules of Masonry to regulate ;
By whose example and authority,
Lodges were form'd and manag'd conjunctly.

Hail, mighty art ! whose wondrous glory shines,
Outfacing time and proudest monarchs reigns :
In every nation structures of great fame,
The Mason's art and glory do proclaim :
Witness the Memphian pyramids who stand
The world's wonders, pride of Egypt land ;
Diana's temple, the Ephesians trust,
Fame's residence, all Asia's great boast ;
That richer building of Mausolus tomb,
And many structures both in Greece and Rome ;
And Babylon's prodigious walls may seem
T' illustrate to the world a Mason's name ;
Besides the temple at Jerusalem,
The Jewish glory, and the pride of fame :
Walls, bulwarks, forts, and tow'rs of sure defence,
Shew forth the Mason's great experience.
What lofty arches over rivers stand,
Securely fix't by Mason's artful hand,
Where all may walk safe as upon dry land ?

Sailors

Sailors in midst of Mason's art safe ride
 From hurricanes, and the tempestuous tides.
 All cities, castles, forts and churches stand,
 As monuments wrought by the Mason's hand:
 The mighty works, by Masons fram'd of old,
 In golden letters ever stand inroll'd.
 Kings, emperors, and princes have been proud,
 In every age, to have themselves allow'd
 The name of Mason; and rejoiced more
 To wear that badge, than all they had before.

THE MASONS LODGE.

IN yonder valley stands the mighty dome,
 Where nature shines in all her gaudy bloom;
 Riches, beauty, art and pow'r unite
 To make the structure of the lodge compleat.
 Here golden steps preliminaries join'd
 With precious stones, the richest of each kind;
 The lofty gate, expanded high, decor'd
 With all the beauties nature can afford.
 Here spacious lights let in the gleams of day
 Thro' azure vaults, that back rebound the ray:
 The floor rich pav'd from every costly mine;
 And round the walls carbuncles brightly shine:
 The painted roof in highest orbits rise,
 Bedeck'd with all the beauties of the skies,
 In various colours, arch'd of red and green,
 And fiery amber shine in trails between;
 And opposite is Phoebus pourtray'd fair
 With constellations round him as in air;
 The ground-work azure with indented clouds,
 Above the reach of deluges and floods.

When time tires out, and can no longer run
 Forth from the center, brighter than the sun,
 Shall come the MASTER, who will justly judge
 All members of this great and spacious lodge.

THE ODE.

I.

HERE'S a health to each one,
From the king on the throne,
To him that is meanest of station;
If they can contend,
To have lawfully gain'd
The name of an Accepted Mason.

II.

Fame trumpets aloud;
And seems to be proud
Of such a grand occupation;
To shew unto all,
That there is none shall
E'er vie with an Accepted Mason.

III.

The glory of kings
Are poor empty things,
Tho' empires they have in possession;
If void of the fame,
Of that noble name,
Of a free and an Accepted Mason.

IV.

It is ancients far
Than other arts are,
Surpassing all other profession:
There's none can pretend,
To discover a friend
Like a free and an Accepted Mason.

V.

The world is amaz'd,
Their wonder is rais'd,
To see such concurring relation
Among us: they cry,
The devil is nigh
When one is Accepted a Mason.

B

VI. But

VI.

But let them say on;
 To us its well known,
 What's true or false in the relation;
 Let's drink his health round,
 That is secret and sound,
 And a faithful Accepted Mason.

On receiving a Compliment from the
 Right Honourable the Lord KINN-
 NAIRD.

WHILE fullen cares my sinking mind o'erflow,
 Yet in my breast warm emulations glow,
 Still pregnant with what I can ne'er express,
 To wit, the tribute of my thankfulness,
 Your Lordship's due: your bounty merits more
 Of grateful wishes than I have in store.
 My words, my wishes, and my earnest pray'r,
 Is what your Lordship evermore shall share.
 Could these ought add to your true happiness,
 The good of heaven and earth you would possess;
 And, as a blessing, heaven your life would lend
 A longer date to be a poor man's friend:
 And when death call'd, your soul would mount above
 The starry orbs to reign in blest with Jove.
 May these be yours! and you a patron shine
 In ev'ry thing that's noble and divine!
 May all the blessings of the poor await
 To introduce you at the heavenly gate!
 There, in return of all your gen'rous deeds,
 Find happiness that human thought exceeds!
 And here your famous name around the plain,
 While time remains, still sweet and fresh remain!

The

The poor shall weep when you're 'mong saints preferr'd;
And say, oh for another CHARLES Lord KINNAIRD!

My weak endeavours shall be still to show
How I'm attach'd : what gratitude I owe
For your high bounty : and my rural pen,
In humble verse, shall shew I still remain,

Your Lordships most grateful,
most humble, and most
obedient servant.

ALEXANDER NICOL.

An Acrostick on PATRICK DRUMMOND,
Son to Dr. D———D of G———M,
who died APRIL 18th 1747, aged
two Years and fourteen Days.

PURE innocence itself by death once sell,
A sacrifice that ransoms us from hell;
T herefore no wonder, tho' death ever since
R emark the young, and shoot at innocence!
I f death shall young ones, by his tyranny,
C rush in the bud of their minority;
K now therefore, Parents, then they cease to sin,
D O not envy the happiness they're in;
R emember also, that all mortals must
U nite again to their origin, dust.
M ourn not the loss of the young lovely boy;
M ount up with him your thoughts on endless joy :
O ur life's precarious; but we may believe,
N ot long it is when death, sea, and the grave
D are not keep back, but give up all they have.

An ELEGY on Auld Use and Wont.

THE EPITAPH.

*Here lies Auld honest Use and Wont,
Which loss we never will surmount :
As lang as time remains, her death
Will to all ranks be meikle skaith.*

OH Scotland, Scotland! hae ye not,
Tho' ye have stupidly forgot,
Ye have avow'dly cut the throat
Of Use and Wont ;
And brought upo' you sic a blot
Ye'll ne're surmount ?
Had Use and Wont been to the fore,
As she lies buried in her gore,
It had advantag'd Scotland o'er
Nae little luck :
But now, unless ye her restore,
Ye're a' mere muck.
I neednae say, 'tis o'er well kend,
What Use and Wont was to her end :
She was to church and state a friend,
While in her health ;
Frae father to the son descend,
She made our wealth.
Now sin' Auld Use and Wont's awa',
The clergy, that should people shaw
The gate to heaven, is wood wrang a',
They're sae divided ;
Religion's toft like ony ba'
And sare misguided.

A race of kings has fill'd our throne,
Twa thousand years and mair bygone,
Descended a' hale sale frae one,

Fergus the first;

But now in Scotland we have none

Sin' Wont's deceast.

We had baith parliament and king
In our ain land, and ilka thing
That did fouk good, and gard us sing

Wi' merry mood;

But now we a' may turn the spring,

Sin' Wont is dead.

Our peers and gentrie were content
To bide at hame and spend their rent:
But now to travel they are bent,

Baith ane and a';

And cracks their credit ere they stint,

Sin' Wont's awa.

Our Landlords didnae grudge to see
Their tenants thrive, grow rich and free:
But now, gin they win ae babee,

Without remead,

Their rent is rax'd to a degree,

Sin' Wont is dead.

Pride wasnae in our land sae rife,
Nor prejudice, envy and strife,
'Mang neibers near, or man and wife;

A' did their best

To lead an honest moral life,

Till Wont deceast.

A farmer ween'd himself fu bra',
When he had plaiden hose like sna',
A good gray hodden coat, and a

Gray plaid aboon,

Warm mittens on his hands, and twa

Strong pointed shoon:

But

Wi' unca fashions.

Our

Our brousters made good nappie ale,
And sold it cheaper a good dale,
And o' them got far better sale

Than now some twa:

But now the drinking trade maun fail,
Sin' Wont's awa.

For taxes on our ale and mant,
And on our tallow, hides and faut;
And mony wrangs, besides a' that,

I'll no discrive:

But Wont thae things won'd regulate,
Were she alive.

Our ancient rights and liberties,
And courts of our regalities,
Our sheriffs, stewarts of a' degrees,

Baith ane and a',

Great men's superiorities,

Wi' Wont's awa.

Our land is now skier naked made;
Not ane auld gun, nor rusty blade,
Is left us now to save our head

When danger comes;

Our faes of us naething may dread,
Except our bums.

Our native garb aside is laid,
The ancient tartan coat and plaid;
Nane o' them a' dares now be had

Sin' Wont's awa;

Poor Scotland now maun a' be sway'd
By English law.

But Use and Wont, like mortals a'
Must unto death a victim fa':
I leard it had been ither twa;

But what remeed?

That honest heart is e'en awa;
Alas, and dead!

AN ELEGY ON JOHNNIE GALLA'.

*The Epitaph of JOHNIE GALLA',
A singular and antique fellow;
Wrought without tiring, sed wi' pleasure,
Despising honour, pomp and treasure.
Of all e'er wore a liv'ry coat,
He was the mirrour without spot.
Tho' here he lyes in dust, yet he
Shall live in this his elegie.*

I NHABITANTS of ROSSIE, now
Doubtless your tears are not a few.
JOHN GALLA' ye nae mair can view,
Without remeed :
He's tane his last good night o' you,
Alas ! and dead.
He was a servant neat and tight,
Baith leel, and trusty, and upright :
His master's turn he cou'dnae fligh ;
Nor was he sweer,
Either by day or yet by night,
This mony year.
He kept the doors baith snug and clean,
And a' things feat as a new prin :
Baith ear at morn, and late at e'en ;
He never tyr'd :
His equals scanty to be seen ;
Yet he's expir'd.
His feet sae harnest on the soles,
That he cou'd tread on burning coals :
It set him well to smile at droles,
And shake his head ;
Well cou'd he purge the scuter holes :
But now he's dead.

His

His doublet brist fac'd up wi' red,
And well cock'd hat upon his head;
He by his mein might seem'd to lead

The British force;

His aspect look'd sae fierce and dread,
On foot or horse.

When he was mounted on a beast,
Don Quixote was to him but jest:
For ilka squire wou'd have embrac'd

Him for a knight;

If he had been in harness dress'd,
And armour bright.

Tho' he was fit for actions brave,
He didnae lord it o'er the lave,
Nor like ambitious fools behave;

But wi' mair wit,

In sober mood, with visage grave,
Did ay submit.

He took his lot just as it came,
Nor fate nor fortune did he blame;
Untouch'd by a revengefu' flame,
Or jealousy;

This character was ay his aim,
Fair honestie.

Like him at weddings wha can dance,
Sae nimbly in the ring advance?
He gart his mettle-burtons glance,

Like fire and tow;

And kiss'd the lasses as by chance,
They came in's row.

Well cou'd he waught at ale or beer;
And gar fouk swelter, laugh and sneer,
When he the lasses but came near,

And mint'd to kiss:

But now he wins nae langer here,
Ah and alas!

Now, wha will manage his wheel-barrow,
 Sae fairly drive the plow and harrow?
 Malicious thoughts he did debar a',

And vengefu' feud:

Behind he hasnae left his marrow;

But now he's dead.

The geese and swine will miss him fare,

He gae them curns of pease and bear:

Of out things he took special care:

And a' he said

Was simple truth, and naething mare:

But now he's dead.

The churches odd debates he shun'd,

And wasnae at state factions stun'd:

He laid nae stress on monie's fund;

But e'en jog'd on,

Judging plain dealing surest ground

To walk upon.

Sure his religion was the best,

Unstain'd wi' envy or contest:

'Mongst other things that he profess'd,

He was intent

To take his victuals, and his rest,

Wi' free content.

He made nae whining fair profession,

To raise his pastor's expectation,

That he was working for salvation,

Like hypocrites:

Against him never court nor session

Gave out decreets.

He was nae drunkard, nor a glutton;

Yet he could taste good ale and mutton:

The world he valued not a button,

That is well kent:

Nor had he change of suits to put on,

Yet ay content.

He

He was a subject in his station,
Loyal as any in the nation,
And well behav'd in his vocation,

And was indeed

The quite reverse of affectation:

But now he's dead.

He neither spent his time nor money
In courting lasses, black or bonny;
He never ca'd them dear nor honey,

When in his prime:

Gude troth they were a' ane to JOHNNY

At ony time.

There's nane can bann his banes when rotten,
For gear he had that was ill gotten:
He'd rather that he had been sodden,

Hale in a kettle;

Or in some defart lyen forgotten

Under a nettle.

He died in nae cholerick pet,
Nor was his stomack overfet,
Nor age nor labour made him fret:

But death unseen

Came sliding in when it was late,

And clos'd his een.

When on his tae side like a lamb,
Death wi' a sweat, baith cauld and clam,
Soon smoor'd out a' the ruddy flame

That life express'd;

While in a grouffing easy dwame

He slept to rest.

Thus JOHNNIE died withoutten pine;
And was well row'd in linnen fine.

Ilk ane that kend him cry'd, oh whine,

Poor JOHNNIE's dead!

Nane 'tween St. Johnstoun and the Skrine

Can fill his stead.

Then back they went to Rossie green,
Where at the first they did conven:
They drank his dregie late at e'en,
Ilk ane cap out;
Nae dool nor dolour mare was seen,
But health about.

CUPID'S Birth-day: Or a Poem on the
Birth-day of Mr. WILLIAM NAIRN,
Grandchild to Sir WILLIAM NAIRN
of DUNSINNAN.

ON Lammas day, of late, I took my way
Thro' moss and mure, at noon-tide of the day:
The heather bloom'd delightful red and white,
Around a beechy grove loves favourite.
Near by the grove a landskip op'ned, where
A plenteous crop of corns rip'ning were.
Adjacent thereto nurseries of wood,
Where herbs and flow'rs in artful order stood.
The hermitage well thatch'd with oaten straw,
Whose front a spacious southern prospect draw.
Methought some sage, a recluse, liv'd within,
Abandoning the world because of sin:
But to surprize, as I approached near,
I did the sound of a musician hear.

But ent'ring in, the scene appear'd to me
As if I heav'n, or part thereof, did see:
For fixing on the various objects round
Confirm'd my thought; for there I quickly found
Hymen, for all his rambling bouts, look'd gay,
Smil'd in embroid'ries as the month of May.

Next

Next a blyth matron ; but I could not know,
Whether 'twas Venus, Pallas, or Juno.

Next Cupid, with his Sister graces were,
Devoutly sitting, pent up in their chair :
With young Alexis, little lovely boy !
Whom Cupid's art could never yet annoy.
But Cupid was the wonder of the place,
For innocence, and ev'ry lovely grace ;
Deckt in a garb that usually was wore
By all true Scotsmen in the days of yore.

But this it seems was Cupid's own birth-day ;
Who had laid by his bow and shafts, to play.
Old Hymen too, delighted with his smile,
Relents to youth t'embrace a merry while.

A young aspiring Argulus was there,
Hebe, and Iris brisk, and debonair :
To pleasure Cupid these did all advance,
Amidst the hall, to lead a country dance.
Each askt the tune according to their pleasure ;
An horn pipe, a minuet, or Scots measure ?
Hebe and Iris smil'd on Cupid still,
Wishing that he would take his shafts, and kill
Some lovely swain of fortune, on condition
That one of them might be the call'd physician.

For tho' young Argulus had condescended
To drop his sword until that day was ended,
Cupid from him must always stand aloof,
Because his warlike heart was arrow proof :
For those that are addicted to the wars,
They frequently do imitate their Mars
In courting Venus ; but slight Cupid's arts,
And all the efforts of his bow and darts.
But how diverting and delightful were
The scene, to see both masculine and fair,
The old, the young, the noble and plebeian
Dance all promiscuous in a rural train !

With

With jolly hearts, they past the lightsome day;
A masquerade at last concludes the play.
I griev'd and grudg'd that day should be so short;
For with my heart I lov'd to see the sport.

AN EPISTLE, from Mr. DAVID
LINDSAY Schoolmaster at KINNAIRD,
to ALEXANDER NICOL Schoolmaster
at COLLACE, *February 3d 1749*; on
seeing my last Book, called *Nature
without Art.*

DEAR SANDY, when I saw thy book,
And gat a grip o't i' my cluik,
I read it o'er into the nook
On ilka e'en;
But in little langer than an ouk,
I tir'd my een.
Thou chief art of the poets a';
'Thy verses they are unca bra,'
And in them there is not a flaw
To be discern'd
By eyes of mine; and I hae twa
Wi' which I learn'd:
And wi' e'm I'd be glad to see
The man that pen'd the book for me;
But ah alas! where can he be,
In what'na place?
Some tell me that his dwelling's nie,
Up at Collace.
Which tho' it binnae far awa,'
Alas! the gate I dinnae knaw,
Nae farther up than Sunnie ha';
Then pardon me,
Altho'

Altho' I never came ava'

To visit thee.

This trash I'm sure when ye inspect,

It's filthiness will make you yeck:

But to the dult please, Sir, direct,

To Kinnaird straight;

Where he an answer will expect,

Baith right and taight.

In verse acrostick my name I thought to sen';

But waes me now a hair is in my pen.

This, with my compliments to you and your spouse,
is from,

S I R,

Your humble and obedient servant,

DAVID LINDSAY, A. B.

Teacher of the school of Kinnaird.

ALEXANDER NICOL'S ANSWER to
the foregoing Epistle, *February 6th*
1749.

S I R,

THE next day after Candlemas,

I yours receiv'd in a Scots dress:

A hantle war's gane to the press,

As witness mine;

On whilk ye'd little wit to stress

Your twa good een.

Ancs

Ane in a day, when I was young,
If ony chiel my praise had sung,
I'd like a travel'd tailor flung,

And been right vain;
But now wi' eild, alas! I'm dung,
And blunt's my pen.

Whereas you say, You dinnae know
Nae further up than Sunnie ha';
I think ye've a Scots tongue to ca'

At towns, and speer;
And some good body wou'd you shaw
The hie gate here.

Besides, you say, Your verse is trash;
To praise them here I fanna fash:
But I's be whipped wi' a lash,

Twice ilka day,
If ALLAN RAMSAY made nae eash
O' war' nae they.

Now, fin' my answer ye expect,
I've ventur'd on't for manner's sake.
Excuse my muse now auld and weak,

And rusty grown;
Tho', to say truth, she in effect
Was ne'er high flown:

For Latin, logick, Greek, nor grammar,
I dinnae hae: and tho' I stammar,
Against me ye need raise nae clamour,

But e'en forbear;
For my dull muse wou'd need a hammer
To gar her steer.

But yet I wou'dnae for a colt,
Say; or hae't said, I were a dult:
I'd lend my muse a hearty scult,

And gar her trot;
Let right or wrang be the result,
I'd valu't not.

As custom is my compliment,
I send to you tho' unacquaint;
Wi' you I wou'd be well content
To spend a gill,
When I come shortly, after Lent,
Down the Bought-hill.
In verse acrostick ye intendit
To write your name, and to me send it:
May be I might had quite miskend it,
And smoor'd your wit;
Our correspondence then had endit,
E're it took foot.
Now take the hair out of your pen,
And anes mair try the rhyming strain;
For I right fickle was and fain,
To be fae rous'd,
By ane wha never did me ken,
Sae seldom us'd.
Your second essay I expect;
For if I had it to inspect,
It would revive my intellect,
That's dull and heavy
And that wou'd gar me hae respect
For dainty Deavy,
While ALEX. NICO

To one who delighted to read Poetry.

1741.

S I R,

I'M not inclin'd to start a quarrel,
As oft proceeds from Bacchus' barrel;
Nor yet to banter will I meddle,
Lest ye should touch Juvenal's fiddle,

And

And with sharp satyr down should beat me,
And make the world believe you hate me,
And criticks, when they see your letter,
Say that your poetry is better:
But this is all I here intend,
To gain, and to divert a friend.

It seems you have a great delight
Good poetry to read and write:
And so I think your choice is good;
For poetry it doth include,
More than by me is understood;
To wit, both ret'rick, musick, measure;
And yields instruction, joy and pleasure;
And doth require a judgment bright,
And active fancy in each flight,
For imitation and invention
Of any part of our intention:

And its effects are great and rare,
As here the sequel shall declare;
The finest art in nature's ocean;
It animates us to devotion;
It fires the soul to actions great;
Begets our love, abates our hate;
It tempers anger, swageth grief;
It easeth pains, and gives relief;
It still encreaseth mirth and joy,
And all our fears it doth allay;
It sweetens the whole life of man,
And smoothes away that narrow span;
It plays so well upon the brain,
That dashes all our anxious pain;
It strikes the heart-strings with delight,
And sets our fancies in their height;
It makes our cap'ring spirits dance,
And new inventions to advance:

It keeps our hearts in constant tune,
 And lifts our souls above the moon.
 But to say more I will forbear,
 For I but blot the muses fair:
 Mean time, altho' my lines be bruckle,
 I'm yours to serve you

SANDY NICOL.

ON Captain BALNAVE'S Return from
 HOLLAND, after the News of his
 Death.

WELCOME, brave youth, retri'd from the campaign;
 Welcome again to grace our rural plain;
 Welcome to raise the love and the esteem
 Of old acquaintance, and your love to them:
 Your wishing tenants, glad at your approach,
 Upon their distance eagerly incroach
 To gaze your welcome; and each face declare
 Their soul's fond wishes, while on you they stare.

Welcome, brave youth, destin'd by heaven once more
 A tender mother's comforts to restore;
 Who languished, for fear untimely fate
 Should in the camps or sieges thee await.

False fame had often sounded in her ears,
 What fill'd her breasts with sighs, her eyes with tears,
 That your brave soul to distant worlds had fled,
 Or wounded, sickly, and confin'd to bed.

But better news arriv'd maugre of spight,
 That rais'd her spirits to a greater height;
 That you with courage fac'd the daring foe,
 Till fame applauses on you did bestow;
 That your wise conduct and heroick spirit
 Your lieges gain'd, and did their favour merit,

Advanc'd

Advanc'd your station, and renown'd thy name
On highest columns of immortal fame.

Ten thousand blessings from the mouths of those
That ready were to perish on you flows :
Yea, your brave conduct enemies must praise,
And fame in triumphs crown thy head with bays.

The heavenly pow'rs, with a superior smile,
Approv'd thy deeds, and guard thee all the while :
In hottest actions of the martial field,
Divine protection was thy body's shield.

While thy command led thee in danger's way,
Where thousands in their gore a sweltring lay,
Death's messengers round thee as lightning flew,
But never found a path direct'd to you.

Go on, brave youth, thou darling son of Mars ;
Fate seems to raise thy honour in the wars.
Let grateful thoughts, as sweetest incense, rise
Continually to heaven ; a sacrifice
Due to the Gods for all thy great success,
Till you in honour end your days in peace.

A REPLY to a Ballad called *Crooked
Shoulder.*

I.

SOME clownish shepherd sings of me,
That of my wife I am complaining :
But I will let the world see

That he's mistaken in his meaning.
What nature gave I'll ne'er despise ;

Her mind supplies defects of nature ;
She's prudent, chaste, discreet and wise ;

A frugal and a thrifty creature.

I'll bless the day she was my wife,
 And I at first became her suiter:
 She proves a comfort to my life,
 Altho' she has a crooked shoulder.

II.

Shame sa' the author of such trash,
 That brands my wife with such a babble:
 Her legs are straight as any rash,
 And both her knees proportionable.
 He mocks both God and nature, when
 He useth such a base expression:
 As hump of proof, I'm certain, then
 He is an atheist by profession.

III.

Her rosie cheeks and lovely eyes;
 Her rubie lips as sweet as honey:
 My heart in her fair bosom lies:
 Besides she has a store of money.
 Her breath smells like a flow'ry mead;
 Her nat'ral airs are unaffected;
 She neatly decks her comely head;
 She's always blyth and ne'er dejected.

IV.

Besides outward accomplishments,
 Virtue crowns all her perfections:
 She's active, prompt in eloquence;
 Of her I need have no reflections:
 She is a stocking-weaver brave;
 A seamstress fine as in the nation;
 By her I am in hopes to have,
 To build my name, a generation.

V.

Good people, when it comes to hand
 What's sung or said of crooked shoulder,
 By this you may well understand
 The author is a base intruder:

That

That dares to brand my lovely wife
 With his bombastick senseless babble :
 Sure, if I see him in my life,
 Betwixt us there will be a squabble.
 I'll blest the day she was my wife,
 And I at first became her suiter :
 She proves a comfort to my life,
 Altho' she has a crooked shoulder.

JAMES RATCLIFF'S Retreat from the Prison of EDINBURGH, *Monday 23^d of July 1739*, he being to be hanged the *Wednesday* after :

A S O N G.

I.

I As in bedlam, was confin'd
 A prisoner in chains ;
 And unto death I was design'd,
 Had I not taken pains.
 I saw the hour of death approach
 Unto me very nigh :
 But now I'm free of that reproach ;
 That cursed death I fly.

II.

Farewell, prison-house, I now
 No more in you remain ;
 Ye iron fetters all adieu,
 I think the day's my ain :
 Farewell ye magistrates, and all
 In fair Edina's town ;
 I value not, nor never shall,
 Your judgment, sword or gown.

III. But

III.

But be advis'd by me, I pray,
 Your prison better watch,
 Upon the next comes in your way,
 Since I have made dispatch.
 Since I'm out of your confines, I
 Rejoice and bless the night,
 Wherein I had the liberty
 To take my farewell flight.

IV.

Hence now, ye sullen fears of death !
 I'm now beyond the pow'r
 Of that call'd justice ; and my breath
 It cannot now devour.
 In mercy heaven grants respite
 To some that's doom'd to die ;
 The which with praises I'll requite,
 While I triumphing fly.

V.

GRASS-MARKET is not now my dread,
 Nor yet the fatal tree :
 It surely is the place of blood,
 But so 'tis not to me.
 Let murderers and perjurers
 Have still it in their due ;
 But let stout hearted pilferers
 Their liberties pursue.

VI.

I never did the poor oppress,
 But those that had to spare,
 I thought it no unrighteousness
 The same with them to share.
 But many landlords in the land
 Oppress with tyrannie
 The poor ; and yet they safer stand
 Than gen'rous knaves like me.

VII. DAL-

VII.

DALGLIESH, that dog, no doubt would have
His trade still going on :
He thought to send me to my grave ;
For pity he has none.
But now, I think, he's mumpt of me,
And may go hang himself :
I'll triumph o'er him and the tree,
Had I some little pelf.

VIII.

But now I have not time to stay
To tell you all my mind ;
Lest I should by too much delay,
Your tyranny more find.
Let magistrates and judges both
With anger gnaw their nails :
It is best sailing, by my troth,
When wind fills up the sails.

A SAPPHICK ODE.

I.

FAIREST angel, sweetest creature,
Loveliest dearest thing in nature ;
Tell me, tell me, why that heart,
Which can fiercest flames impart,
And those eyes so vastly bright,
Flaming with excessive light,
Neither vows nor pray'rs can move,
Nor the pleasing joys of love.

II.

Deep despair, and wasting sighs,
Caust'd by your celestial eyes ;
Restless nights and pining grief,
Yet no prospect of relief ;

E

Frightful

Frightful dreams, distracting woes,
 And each pang a lover knows,
 Break my quiet, rack my breast,
 Chasing thence each wilder guest.

III.

Such a radiant form as thine
 Sure the gods could ne'er design
 Rude Tay's rumbling stream to grace;
 Or create so fair a face,
 'Midst eternal snows and frost,
 To each social pleasure lost;
 Or e're place so bright a star,
 In so low, so wild, a sphere.

IV.

No, another Fate is due,
 Brightest seraphim, to you;
 All the rapt'rous joys that wait
 On the blessed nuptial state;
 Ev'ry pleasure that can move
 Or incite the soul to love;
 Ev'ry gift the world can show,
 Or the heavenly pow'r's bestow.

V.

So the fam'd Cyprian dame,
 Which now sets the world in flame,
 Lost 'midst shatter'd ruins lay,
 And had never blest the day,
 Till great * Cosmo's searchful eye
 Did the latent marble spie
 Ravish'd saw, with joyful eyes,
 The fair polish'd wonder rise,

A

* *The Venus of Medicis, found by Cosmo duke of Tuscany.*

A S O N G, Tune *Allan Water.*

I.

AS charming PHILLIS, all alone,
Walkt on the banks of Illa water ;
The fish up to the surface came,
The birds on ev'ry tree did chatter :
All join'd so in the harmony,
As if it was by them concerted
How to engage her to the place,
Or how she should be there diverted.

II.

So slowly flow'd the gentle stream,
As if it meant she should discover,
By its aversion to depart,
How much it also was her lover.
But when prest on by the next wave,
Which also made all haste to have her,
It mourn'd and murmur'd all along,
That it should be constrain'd to leave her.

III.

Then Phœbus lifted up his head
To see this much admired creature.
He blush'd that she should him exceed :
And spread his rays o'er ev'ry feature ;
Thinking that, by his scorching heat,
He should have made those eyes to cover.
That him of light and life defeat,
And made each creature her fond lover.

IV.

But whilst she thus did him attack,
The nimble deer came out to meet her,
And to their silent shades and groves
With all their art they do invite her :

With armed heads, and winged heels,
 So cheerfully they tript before her;
 And when she stood, they stopt and gaz'd
 As if they humbly would adore her.

V.

By accident I pass'd by,
 While thus each creature she alarms;
 None was more captivate than I,
 Nor more engaged to her charms:
 I fixt mine eyes on ev'ry part,
 And then I turn'd them up to heav'n,
 Wishing the gods may send relief,
 To cure the wound that she had giv'n.

A POEM ON R——H—— of SOUTH-
 BALLO.

LET valiant heroes glory o'er the dead,
 And in triumph their conquer'd captives lead;
 Let bribes in courts the covetous allure,
 And misers hoard in bags their cash secure;
 Let lawyers lead their clients to expence,
 And wrangling clergy dispute for the sence;
 Proud haughty beaux expose their foolishness,
 Oppressors all within their pow'rs distress;
 Lovers for gold instead of beauty pant;
 And debauchees drink, whore, and swear and rant;
 Improvers, architects, and foreign scums,
 From landlords wheedle many needful sums;
 Let poets write strange hyperboles of praise
 On silly wretches, worthy of no lays,
 Or write heroick numbers on the wars,
 Intending to describe European jars:

But

But me, let me, in low Plebeian verse,
The works and merits of a friend rehearse.

And were it in my small ingine to raise
Bright and heroick strains in BALLO's praise,
I would not grudge either my pains nor time,
To furnish out the most delightful rhyme.

The fates concur'd with nature, both exert
Their skill in forming of a man expert,
Compleat in body, more compleat in mind,
Surpassing many of the human kind;
For who could trace him from his birth and cradle,
Till he became a man to mount a saddle,
Might see his embryo fancies quickly grow,
Unto a pregnancy, yea, an overflow.

Thus Jove's own brain one time so pregnant grew,
That to get ease the god himself not knew;
Till Vulcan came, and daring with his hammer,
Gave him a blow that made his godship stammer;
And cleanly cleft his ripened brain in two,
Whence out in haste the armed Pallas flew.

Just so, when time had BALLO's fruitful thought
To perfect rectitude and ripeness brought,
A thousand schemes, each justling to get vent,
Oppress'd his brain, all pleading his consent.

Some bid him travel: others arts pursue:
Some to the court his politicks to shew:
Some bid him try the martial feats of war;
For there, there only fame and honours are;
Men seek by these for an immortal name,
That after ages may their deeds proclaim.

But he, delib'rate, saw the ills that might
Upon such vain aspiring mortals light:
The trav'ler often in his journey dies;
And fame oft from the proudest warrior flies;
Artists find small encouragement oft-times;
Courtiers detect'd for some inglorious crimes.

Thus

Thus he survey'd the scenes of life ; and blest
The country life, as judging it the best.
Thought he, what's honour or wide mouth'd renown
The dignity and glory of a crown,
Guarded by foes, at best but seeming friends,
Pretending such for base sinistrous ends ?
While I contented and securely sleep,
Needing no centinels my life to keep :
Good angels guard my chamber all the night
And early cock proclaims approaching light :
Up with the sun, I and my rural train,
Each to their labours, some to plow the plain,
Some thresh the corns, others dung prepare
Plying each season of the wheeling year.
What life more sweet, enjoying more content,
Than when the farmer views his meadows pent
With various flow'rs, who ev'ry now and then
Nod with sweet Zephyrs puffing o'er the plain ?
Nor need I be less famous, if I please,
Than potentates, e'en kings and great grandees.

Thus after chusing of a farmer's life,
Blest with a virtuous and a loving wife,
His fruitful thought with ease began to play
Upon his buildings seeming to decay :
The muddy walls he tumbled down, and threw
Them into dunghills, straightway building new.

But to describe the schemes and plans he laid,
The thousand part by me cannot be said :
Improvements, buildings, plantings, these declare
What mighty feats by him performed were.

A C R O S T I C K.

REVERE ye muses, and exalt the name
O f a bright patriot; and let the same
B e grav'd on brass and marble, that it may
E ndure till time thro' waste of reign decay.
R eview his worth, his works and management;
T he curious buildings with their ornament;
How beautiful the lofty summits rise
U pon firm bases, and invade the skies;
N ew culture shews a landskip fruitful fair;
T he barren heaths and rugged mountains bear
E lms, ash and fir, and hedges young enclose
R ich fertile plains, where yellow harvests grows.
Old men shall say, in time to come, that these
F air buildings, and these stately rows of trees,
S et were and builded by a farmer's hand
O f curious thought, whose name should fairly stand
W ithin fame's temple wrote in purest gold;
T ill latest ages wond'ring hear it told.
H is vast performance here not only shines,
But mighty floods shall bear them to the Indes;
A thousand things he curiously hath wrought
L ay open to the world his fruitful thought;
L avishly nature her rich gifts bestow'd
O n him till they in ev'ry part o'erflow'd.

A REMARK on the Poverty of Poets.

IF poverty that virtue had
That it all poets perfect made,
I would be one as good as any:
For often I have not a penny;

Yea

Yea more sublime drown'd o'er the head
 With debt, and pinching want of bread:
 If these be the unerring muse,
 I have the bays, none can refuse.

AN ACROSTICK on the Keeper of the
 Dragon mentioned in the *Scots Magazine*,
 at the dissolving of last Parliament.

*When the old dragon was thro' age deceas'd,
 Another munster from his dust was rais'd:
 Therefore none fitter than old ROBIN PALMER,
 To watch this dragon, none can make him calmer.*

RISE famous BOB; and charm the dragon yet;
 O nce more resume your office and estate:
 B e famous still, be still Great-Britain's boast,
 I n all adventures, management and trust;
 N ot only men, but dragons, you can tame,
Prove more polite, and still advance your fame.
 A nother dragon you have yet to guide,
 L ay out yourself to quell his growing pride;
 M ake hay in sun-shine, muzzle him while young,
 E nsolve by practice, e'er he grow too strong.
 R estrain his pow'r and keep him at your beck,
 And manage all his tongues to good effect.

The COMPLAINT of a LARK directed to
a great Lion: a Fable, occasioned
by another Lion being influenced, by
some evil Speaker, to suspect the Ho-
nesty of the Lark.

S I R,

I'M oblig'd, in bitterness
Of soul, to utter my distress,
Not unto you, but to all those
That know me, whether friends or foes.
Let my complaint with echoes sound,
With doleful notes, to all around,
That all, whoever heard my name,
May judge how far I am to blame.

I'm blam'd, tho' guiltless, for a crime
I know no more of, than the time
When I'm to die: and oh! 'tis hard
To be from my best friend debar'd
By scandalous reports, the which
My very heart and vitals touch.

All birds and beasts, yea, and the best,
Their friendship unto me exprest,
And gave me good encouragement
If I did either sing or chant:

But now I'm ruin'd, and my name
Must sink with dire reproach and shame:
Because my friend, like Phœbus fair,
Doth influence each other star,
Who in conjunction will unite
To make my misery complete.
But my once worthy friend I'll not
E'er brand with such a nasty blot,

As for to say, or think, that he
 Would take a prejudice at me :
 Except some devil's imp of hell,
 In wickedness that must excel,
 To him had represented me
 In such a scandalous degree.

Therefore this one thing shall I say,
 As Jove's to judge the world one day,
 The wretch that scandal'd me at first,
 Escapes fair, if he's not accurs'd.

'Tis true to my experience
 I never knew such exigence
 As the last winter all my life,
 Having five young ones and a wife.
 But little income easie spent :
 Yet never seem'd I discontent ;
 For if the sun did warmly blink,
 Up in the air then would I clink,
 And there chirp o'er a song of praise
 To Jove, in hopes of better days.
 Tho' many time, as I'm a sinner,
 I left my little homely dinner
 To distribute among the rest
 And made diversion all my feast,
 And slept for supper ; seldom more
 I eat but once in twenty four :
 Yet none without my nest e'er knew
 Whether my tryes were toom or fow.

Had it not been my gentle heart,
 I had not acted such a part,
 If I had to my friend reveal'd
 What I industriously conceal'd :
 For certain he some oars had laid
 Some support for me to have made ;
 For many time, when unexpected,
 Something for me he has collected,

Reliev'd me when in many strait.
But now, how wretched is my fate !
My name is torn, my friends are lost :
Now what remeed ? despair I must.
Oh vengeance, vengeance, heav'n take
Upon the wretch that first did make
My friend my honour to suspect,
And me with prejudice neglect !

When I think on the defamation
Of my good name, a perturbation
And agony sets all my soul
In fever like a burning coal :
It galls me to the heart to think
That e'er my character should shrink ;
For tho' I am of low extraction,
I ever had the satisfaction,
So far back as tradition traces,
Or man remember can the faces
Of my progenitors, was not
In all our characters a blot.
Tho' I'm a poor and simple lark,
Yet all that know me can remark,
I love my honour and good name
As the proud heroe does his fame ;
And all my intimate acquaintance
Will as soon trust that lofty mountains
Can be thrown down into the sea,
As there's dishonesty in me.

Besides, the crime I'm charg'd with may
Be seen, as clear as light by day,
To be as false an accusation
As e'er was heard of in the nation :

For my good friend had in his house
A tame she fox, that did abuse
Him by imbezzlements ; 'tis said
That I with her connivance had.

But none of all the feather'd kind
 Was ever with false foxes join'd,
 Especially the lark, a bird
 That none offends by deed or word.
 Our rules of life are innocent,
 Not justly suff'ring detriment :
 For in the morning, when we rise,
 We soar aloft among the skies ;
 There cheerfully we sing Jove's praise,
 With warbling notes and easy lays ;
 We've gratitude, and pure good will,
 Towards our benefactors still ;
 We know no flatt'ry, fraud or guile,
 Our fellow creatures to beguile ;
 Ambition fires our little souls,
 That lifts our thoughts above the poles ;
 So that we scorn that dirty way
 That mankind call dishonesty.

Tho' I, of all the choir, my self
 Am but a senseless silly elf ;
 Yet I defy all living creatures,
 Tho' of the most malignant natures,
 To prove in justice black's my eye
 Relating to fair honesty.

I love my friends and benefactors,
 And I forgive all my detractors ;
 Disdaining, as below me far,
 Envy at any one to bear :
 For ne'er a forest bird or beast
 More gen'rous spirits e'er possess.

Perhaps by this I may offend
 Him who was once my worthy friend :
 But let him think, in sober mood.
 If wronged innocence be rude
 To clear itself, when so put to it ;
 What blockhead is he would not do it ?

I would

I would not for broad Britain's rent
Defame a creature innocent,
Tho't were below my rank as far
As my old friend's superior.

'Tis murder, in the worst degree,
Thus to defame a creature free :
For me I'd rather choose to die,
Than to survive my honesty.

But the event I must refer
To mighty Jove, who cannot err,
Who governs all sublun'ry things,
And turns the hearts of mighty kings :
Therefore his mercy I'll implore,
Who can my innocence restore,
And will against that wretch declare
Dire vengeance, horror and despair,
That causeth my disquietude :
But my complaint I must conclude.

THE MORAL.

Some are so bad they will not stand
E'en the most innocent to brand ;
And when themselves are guilty found,
Their neighbours they will also wound ;
And all men credits that report
That tends towards their neighbour's hurt,

The CAT and the APE ; a Fable.

A Child, on a time as he sat at his dinner,
By an APE and a CAT was attack'd in this manner,
These animals both fast to him approach'd,
And first on the elbow him gently touch'd,

To curry his favour, but chiefly to gain
 Some part of his dinner their lives to sustain.
 Both us'd their endeavours to gain the child's heart,
 And make him with some of his victuals to part.
 PUSS simply purring as her natural song,
 Stroak'd his hand with her head, while her tail swept along
 His mouth and his nose : which when he had done
 A small bit he gave her, and bade her begone.
 The APE hunger bitten, with envy was mov'd
 'Gainst PUSS whom he formerly seemingly lov'd :
 He thought it high time both to speak and to act,
 If he ought of the child's dinner should make.

“ That base ill bred BADRONS (then said the false Ape)
 Attacks my dear child in too rustick a shape :
 She can teach you nothing that you stand in need,
 Except it be rubbing your hand with her head.
 Be ruled by me, my dear child, if you can,
 I'll teach you to mimick the deeds of a man ;
 I'll teach you to climb, to leap and to scratch,
 And fifty fine things in a moment dispatch.”

Ambition puffs up the poor child to believe ;
 Not doubting or dreaming that he did deceive,
 He gave him his dinner : but when he was strute,
 At the child's disappointment did both laugh and flout ;
 And told him his kyte was so cramb'd with his victual,
 At present he could not well show him his mettle,
 You'll wait till I'm clunger ; but take care of that,
 Regard not the rubbings of BADRONS the Cat.

THE MORAL.

True honest simplicity never can gain
 Such profits from mankind as flatt'ry obtain.

On seeing SMITH and CRAIG's bantering
Poems, anent the building of a School-
house at GLENSHIE.

LONG time I sought, at last did see,
SMITH's poems he made in Glenshie,
Anent the building a school-house,
And fondly them I did peruse.

I found a whig call'd JASPER CRAIG,
Who with the lairds had made a league
To banter SMITH out of his right,
And so with paper-balls they fight.

But CRAIG the presbyterian clerk,
He has made very smutty wark ;
For his expressions, so prophane,
A Puritan's profession stain.

But the EPISCOPAL's more modest,
And plainly tells him he's the oddest
For filthy words as one can hear ;
They would offend a strumpet's ear.
Indeed the BLACK SMITH, as he names him,
With ridicule and banter shames him ;
And proves him but a poetaster,
Altho' he be a CRAIG of JASPER ;
And teaches him in poetrie
Where capitals should used be.

Shame to be thus reprov'd and taught
By one whom he had reckon'd naught !

But o'er the craigs and highland hills
SMITH skips triumphing o'er their quills.
In satyr nō man dares come near him,
In lyrick strains they all admire him :
His panegyricks are so just,
That ev'ry reader praise them must :

And

And for an answer to a letter
 None of them all could give a better :
 For ready wit and easy verse
 CRAIG like to SMITH could near rehearse :
 So that for modesty and wit
 The Whig to Tory must submit.

Yet they have been both poets good,
 Had not their subjects been so rude :
 But true it is, for all their biting,
 There never came fair words in flyting.

AN EPISTLE to Mr. ROBERT SMITH
 School-master at KINNAIRD, upon his
 saying he would not stay in the Place.

Kirk of COLLACE, April 30th 1750.

S E R,

IF you were not over nice,
 I'd humbly offer my advice ;
 And it is shortly this,
 Stay at Kinnaird, for I do think
 You want not company and drink,
 And all things at your wish.
 Upon a bank, afore the sun
 Your house is situate ;
 A purling stream that round it run
 Commodious I wat :

With respect to prospect,
 You have the Carse all o'er,
 By Tay-side, where ay tide
 Flows twice in twenty four.

You live hard by the orchard wall,
 Where mellow fruit unshaken fall,
 Just at your very feet ;

An

An able house well thatch'd aboon,
A garden near to rest at noon :
What should move you to flit ?
Flocks feeding on the mountains round,
Where lambs do skip and play ;
The feather'd kinds their musick sound
To waken up the day ;

You view, then the plowmen
All whistling pleasantlie ;
There's naething, but ae thing,
You want to happy be,

And that's a wife as I suppose,
That puts an end to lovers woes,
And calms the tide of life ;
Which if you had, I dare well say,
You would not mint to go away ;
Look out then for a wife :
And settle with your state content,
And tempt not providence :
If you remove, you may repent,
Void both of peace and pence :

Neglect, then, t'affect then
Pride and inconstancie,
Engage in religion,
If you would happy be.

Your youthhood makes you fickle yet,
And makes you your affections set
On vanity and gain :
But be advis'd to mortify
Your youthfu' laits by piety ;
Ambitious to obtain
Eternal happiness at last,
When this frail body dies ;
For pleasures here will soon be past ;
All are but vanities.

The Rural Muse.

Be plain then, remain then
 Still in that hearty place ;
 Discerning youth's learning,
 And your own growth in grace.

Your father's counsel keep in mind ;
 Let not thy brain be stuff'd with wind
 To drive you here and there ;
 Like empty clouds that soar aloft,
 With ev'ry tempest tossed oft,
 With violence, thro' the air.
 Consider, that a rolling stone
 Contracts but little fog ;
 There is a dubb at ev'ry town,
 At some a sinking bog :

Look out, then, about then,
 And seek a pious maid,
 Both homely and comely ;
 Then will your mind be stay'd.

This, with my hearty compliment,
 I with the bearer have you sent,
 That you may think upon it.
 But yet 'tis scanty worth your pains ;
 'Tis the extract of weather'd brains,
 A poor imperfect sonnet ;
 But you may trust 'tis from my heart
 Whate'er I wish or say :
 With you I have no will to part,
 Therefore I wish your stay.

Admit, Sir, my wit, Sir,
 Was never very meikle ;
 What then ? I remain ay
 Your servant

SANDY NICOL.

Mr.

Mr. *SMITH*'s ANSWER.

S I R,

YOUR letter I receiv'd of late:

But, wow! it was lang after date,

Nae less than se'nteen days:

But when it came, I it perus'd,

And with attention thereon mus'd,

And ponder'd ev'ry phrase;

But yet I still am at a loss

An answer how to send,

Since to my muse 'tis sic a cross

To pen six lines on end;

She halts ay, with faults ay,

And canna' get 'em mended;

Ay skipping and hiping

The words I most intended.

So that I cannot be so kind,

As freely tell you all my mind,

In this my rustick strain.

But only for good manners sake,

I've sent you here for to inspect

The product of my brain:

The which, no doubt, when ye peruse,

You will not much admire;

But if you would lend me your muse,

My genius to inspire,

I then, Sir, would pen, Sir,

An answer that were better:

But fulness of dulness

My senses all do fetter.

Whereas in yours ye counsel me

In flitting not too rash to be,

But even to stay still

In this sweet place, as ye describe it,
Where all things are for me provided

According to my will :

But will with me's of more extent

Than ever I'll attain ;

For which cause I must rest content

And think here to remain,

Ay grudging, and drudging

At my poor slavish trade,

Designing declining't,

If better might be had.

You say, a Wife's the only thing

That I want here to make me sing,

And live most happilie ;

Which if it be, I'll look about,

And see if I can find ane out,

That will be fit for me,

In sacred wedlock for to join,

And give to me her heart ;

Then I'll be her's, and she'll be mine,

Ay until death us part.

If she then, shall be then

According to my mind,

I'll bless her, and kiss her,

And still to her be kind.

My resolutions now you've got ;

But, whether they be right or not,

I can't tell for my life :

But be's they will, if I be spar'd

But a short while into Kinnaird,

I'll look out for a wife ;

Which if my fancy happen right,

And she do not despise me,

I will them bless both day and night

Who did at first advise me.

Excuse

Excuse me now, my muse now,
She has not meikle pith,
To write this, nor dite this,
Nor yet hath ROBERT SMITH.

P O S T S C R I P T.

If ye think fit to take your pen,
And write me something back again,
I kindly will accept the same
With a my pith,
And so your servant I remain
while ROBERT SMITH.

Another EPISTLE to Mr. ROBERT
SMITH.

February 23d 1751.

S I R,

I see you hassins do encline
That I should dig into the mine
Of my poetick brain :
But ah 'tis a' sae overgrown,
And heaps of rubbish tumbl'd down,
By time's extensive reign ;
That perfect mettle to find out
Would be an unca tawing,
'Twou'd surely cost me many rout,
Great threaping and hard thraving,
While heching, and peching,
Because I haenae pith,
To get, Sir, a bit, Sir,
To send to ROBERT SMITH,
You see by this I'm out o' breath :
But, may be, ye'll say, That's nae skaith,
By spending breath I live.

Sae

Sae is the fate of folk that's auld;
 For young folk's clever, stout and bauld,
 And will nae mainings give:
 Therefore hae wi' ye o'er the hill,
 Altho' it be wi' toil,
 I'll do my best to shaw good will
 If't were but for a mile.

Ken auld dogs are bauld dogs;
 They bite fair when they bite:
 I'll try, then, If I then
 Something to you can write.

I set my fancy on a tow'r,
 And bade it round about it glowr,
 Some subject to spie out,
 That might be fit to send to you:
 At last and lang ane came in view;
 I caught it by the snout,
 And drest it in my liv'ry syne,
 And bade it come to you:
 E'en take it, tho' it be not fine
 Tho' better be your due.

Uneasie to please ye,
 I would do ony thing:
 But musty and rusty
 I am, and cannot sing.

But I'd fay, I'm surpris'd to see
 Sae many fools of ilk degree
 Among the human race:
 For, when I look the warld round,
 I cannot see a man that's sound,
 And wise in ev'ry case.
 For viewing man when he's a child,
 He can but girn and greet;
 Or when a youth, he's very wild,
 And often indiscreet;

Or

Or when, Sir, a man, Sir,
He seldom is content
With what, Sir, good fate, Sir,
Has freely to him lent.

If he shall have a little more
Than what his father had before,
It puffs him up with pride :
For set a beggar on horseback,
The very first course he will tak,
He'll to the devil ride ;
For beggars they can bear no wealth,
Nor rich to want submit ;
And sickness frets the man of health,
For few or none have wit,
To spie out, and try out,
The vanity of things,
Whilk double the trouble
On silly mortals brings.

The worldling he torments himself
With anxious cares to gather pelf,
Perhaps for framit heirs.
Th' ambitious cuts his way thro' all
Difficulties that may befall
Thro' seen and unseen snares,
Aspiring to more high degrees
Of honour and renown :
Nor bloody wars, nor raging seas,
Can cast his courage down ;
Disdaining remaining
In any certain place ;
Till he ay shall see ay
The upshot of the case.

The man of pleasure takes his ease ;
And all his appetites to please,
He spares no charge nor cost :

Ne'er

Ne'er minding he account must make,
Such is his folly and mistake,

He gratifies each lust.

Thus ev'ry mortal shews his folly
In less or more degree :

Some overjoy'd, some melancholly ;

Some o'ers in all we see :

Exposing supposing.

Their folly to be wise ;

While others, e'en brothers,

Such wisdom will despise.

For my part I can easy spy

A mote into my neighbour's eye,

While in my own's a beam ;

Yet strength of logick never can

Convince me, that I am the man

For folly that's to blame.

As fools are wise in their conceit,

E'en so is all mankind ;

As when we reason make submit

To passions of the mind :

'Tis common, that few men

Can their follies spy ;

Too late they regret, ay,

When 'tis past remedy.

I have no time here to enlarge

Upon the follies that I charge

Against the human race :

But as I said, I cannot spy,

In no where that I cast mine eye,

One wise in ev'ry case :

For youths they want experience,

Their wisdom is to learn :

And men use little diligence

True wisdom to discern :

The aged's engaged
With great infirmities;
No leisure for pleasure,
Nor wisdom, they can see.

The rich and poor, the high and low,
Respectively their follies show,
So that no man is wise.

The rich and great are proud and vain,
They look on poor men with disdain,
And them in heart despise:

The poor, again's not innocent
For they're fill'd with envy;
They with their state are discontent,
And fret continually:

Ay grudging, and drudging,
To gain their daily bread:
All wholly, in folly,
Are plung'd quite o'er the head.

Yea, the religious and divines
True solid wisdom undermines,
Their follies glaring be;
For when opinions they espouse,
They tie themselves thereto by vows,
And strong, strong bigotrie;
But some for love of worldly gain,
Would make shipwreck of all;
As they for ever should remain
Upon this earthly ball:

Ne'er dreading, nor heeding,
How life days slides away,
And death shall their breaths all
Cut, and in dust them lay.

Farewell, my friend: and if your muse
Had but free scope, which ye refuse,
I would get something more.

H

But

But by this stanza I'm confin'd;
 My muse is also out of wind,
 And traeckl'd very fore.
 Therefore upon another pitch,
 Where freedom we may find
 To write what we incline to touch,
 And freely tell our mind.

Adieu, then, to you then;
 My muse is tir'd and bruckle;
 Yet duty to you, too,
 Obliges

SANY NICOL.

**The PETITION of ALEXANDER
 NICOL Schoolmaster at COLLAGE, to
 the Honourable Sir WILLIAM NAIRN
 of DUNSINNAN Baronet.**

HONOURABLE SIR,

'TIS kend to many far and near
 Th'improvements I have made while here
 On yard and biggings baith:
 And for my land, I'm very sure
 By the one half 'tis not sae poor;
 Yet 'tis not free of skaith:
 For neighbours that ly round about it
 Has par'd it sare awa';
 It is sae little that I doubt it,
 That 'tis not right at a':

If ye then, to me then,
 Would tell what should be o'r,
 Wi' pleasure I'd measur't,
 And see if 'tis right or not.

But

But the main thing I mostly want
Is what, Sir, you can easy grant,
And I'm no right without it;
That's summer pasture for my cow,
The whilk, Sir, if I get frae you,
I'll pay't, you need not doubt it.
Near by me, Sir, you know you have
Some rigs to others set;
Some part thereof is what I crave,
For payment I may get:

'Twould please me, and ease me
Of much difficulty:
Sir, grant it, I want it,
And beg it earnestly.

As for my house, 'tis shame to see't,
And I am almost herried wi't,
'Tis war than a sheep-cote:
The windows give but little light,
Without a broad to shut at night,
To keep rough weather out;
The roof's sae bad, when rain dings on,
It draps thro' ev'ry place;
And for the space of six years gone,
Sir, this has been my case:

I find, then, the wind then
And rain dings out my light;
Believe me, it grieves me,
I'm aft a weary wight.

And I maun tell you what I think,
Tho' I had a' the meat and drink
You hae about Kirkhill,
And had nae other lodging place
Except the School-house of Collace,
It would be mis'ry still:
But your allowance, Sir, I doubt
Has gone some other way;

What you bestow'd to make it out
 Has been to knaves a prey;
 And those men you chose, then,
 To see the work well done,
 Made slight things for right things,
 And yet the price all one.

It is dependents comfort sure,
 When landlords do for them procure
 Things necessary right;
 And honours also doth accrue
 To kind superiors as due
 And puts all grudge to flight.
 I witness can and testify,
 How gen'rously you did
 Things of like nature rectify
 Where you concernment had;
 And I not deny not
 But I was satisfied;
 Which made me, to speed me,
 Here in you to confide.

By these among whom I have been
 I'm brag'd when they my house have seen;
 They tell me to my face,
 We thought Sir WILLIAM would have giv'n
 You something like a little heav'n
 To live in at Collice:
 We see your house is ten times worse,
 Than what it was before;
 'Tis neither fit for cow nor horse,
 But window, roof or door.

But I then reply them
 Sir WILLIAM knows it not,
 Else he would for me, would
 Some better things allow.

But if I had things neighbour-like,
 I with a kind of airy fyke
 Would brag them one and a;
 And

The Rural Muse.

And on the matter look right vain;
And briskly show them but and ben,
My house just like an ha',
My yard, my barn, and my byre,
And little glebe of land,
And summer pasture, tho' for hyre,
All under your own hand;

I'd then, Sir, maintain, Sir,
Your generosity,
No dominee that common be,
In better case than me.

My poor petition now you see:
And if you please to grant it me,
I would be well content;
If not, I'll seek some other place,
Tho' loth to leave you and Collace,
Sae lang as life's me lent:
For many years experience
Your friendship I can boast;
And yet in you have confidence
The same will not be lost.

If you, then, would bow then
And grant me my request;
The favours would ever
Make me to wish you blest.

ALEX. NICOL.

AN EPITAPH ON ALEXANDER ROBERTSON OF STRUAN.

POOR STRUAN's eyes are clos'd, he lyes
Now in death's darksome shade;
His cheerful voice and mirthful joys
Are all in silence laid:

The Rural Muse.

In this he err'd, that he prefer'd
The man he hated most
To be his heir, and took not care
Till his estate was lost.
He in his life had not a wife
Among the human race;
But the nine lasses of Parnassus
By turns he did embrace:
No children did from him proceed
Of the terrestrial kind:
But thousands stand in well rang'd bands,
The produce of his mind;
These will shew forth his fame and worth
Thro' ages to ensue;
No time can waste, nor envy blast,
A character so true.
What he desir'd, he ne'er acquir'd;
And that was once to see
Each ancient Lord to's own restor'd,
And *James* supreme to be:
But all may know, that here below
None can be satisfied;
For all men with some certain blest
That is by heav'n denied.
But now his shade is from us fled,
And join'd the seraph's blest;
There to complete the numbers sweet
That here he oft exprest.
Let Scotsmen all, both great and small,
Lament the death of *Struan*,
And ev'ry thing that seems to bring
About their country's ruin.

An A C R O S T I C K.

PU S H'D on by virtue, and industrious care,
As all men are in something singular,
The fates agreed to favour each design
Remarkably that he did e'er incline.
In him the proverb's good to a great pitch
Chiefly the hand that's diligent makes rich :
Keenly by day, he and his servants wrought,
His sleep by night was banish'd oft by thought ;
Unweariedly each day he did pursue
New schemes and projects that he had in view,
Till he made purchase of a good estate,
Each year still adding till it was more great :
Reverse of pride and churlishness, yet he
Observ'd the rules of moderate decency.
Fortune smil'd on him with a full broad face,
Kindly caress'd him to his grave in peace.
No common man e're such a figure made,
Admir'd by all ; now his immortal shade
Pursues his active course where it is fled.

To the Memory of the Honourable
 GEORGE HAY of LEYS Esq;

GONE then, great HAY ! and shall my rustick muse
 A tribute to his memory refuse ?
 O death, thy pow'r extensive is too far ;
 Thy sword devours in peace, as well as war :
 Strange ! that a tyrant should for ever reign !
 All good and bad subjected to thy chain !
 The brave and great, that mankind could defy,

Must

Must in a moment at thy pleasure die !
 The peaceful, grave, and sober mortal must,
 By thy austerity, be turn'd to dust !

LEYS' brave ancestors stood the direful shock
 At Luncarty, there thund'ring with the yoke
 Regain'd the vict'ry, when it was near lost,
 By turning back the fainting flying host ;
 Cheer'd royal Malcolm's soul, who saw the day
 Again restor'd by the undaunted HAY :
 Yet these by thee, O cruel death, are slain ;
 But, spite of thee, their progeny remain.

Thou hast devour'd great Errol's house, 'tis true :
 But yet the HAYS thou never couldst subdue ;
 KINNOUL yet stands in honour and renown ;
 Antiquity thou never canst pull down.

LEYS peaceful, grave, and sober ; yet thy dart
 Found out a path to pierce his honest heart,
 And cut him down : but as the phoenix dies,
 Another from her ashes doth arise ;
 So LEYS, tho' dead, a progeny succeeds
 To represent their great ancestors deeds.

What can we say ? Sure there is not a soul
 That can the pow'r of conq'ring death controul ;
 All we can do, is to lament and grieve
 That cruel death ev'n lets not good men live.

LEYS not less famous in a peaceful reign,
 Than his progenitors in a campaign.
 If he'd been call'd, his valour had been shown,
 And made the Hero and the Patriot one :
 But, as he liv'd in such a peaceful age,
 More useful studies did his mind engage.

He, seeing farmers at such cost and toil
 For little produce by a barren soil ;
 He taught them how to cultivate the same,
 And thereby purchas'd honour, wealth and fame.

Whereas

Whereas Carle farmers in the days of yore,
The more they toil'd, the less they had in store:
But now their wealth increaseth with less pain;
Their barns enlarg'd cannot contain their grain:
All this is owing to the laird of LEYS,
By his example and his counsel wife.

But now no more he treads the fertile plain,
T'inspect the labours of the rustick swain,
Directing how fields should be till'd and sown,
Or when and how the meadows should be mown:
No more he calls the swains and maids at morn
To rise, and reap his fruitful fields of corn:
No more he orders how to sort each grain,
And tell what should to ev'ry rick pertain:
No more he sits with a devout decorum
To judge as justice of the peace in quorum!
Doubtless his consort, with a griev'd mind,
Laments an husband dutiful and kind:
Doubtless his children mournfully deplore
A prudent father, that he is no more:
No doubt his friends the fable garments wear,
And on reflection often drop a tear.
The church and state may mourn, since to their cost
They both in him a faithful member lost:
In him all men a good example saw
Of frugal life, religion, and of law:
He made the wicked of their deeds ashamed,
And dread him, if they only heard him nam'd.
But so it is, that mortals all must die,
Some in their bloom, some in their infancy;
And some arrive at such old age, that they
Like to a lamp, for want of oyl, decay:
Thus LEYS expir'd in good old age; and ev'n
Belov'd of all, of GOD, and ta'en to heav'n:
There the reward of virtue he enjoys,
An endless bliss that neither fades nor cloyes.

On Captain BALNAVE's being dangerously sick of a Fever at the Time he should have been married; inscribed to his Lady afterwards.

HAIL, welcome here, Largotion fair,
 To be the mother of an heir;
 An helper meet, and social friend
 To him that has your favour gain'd:
 But thanks to Cupid, for his craft,
 That at the white so aim'd his shaft,
 So that the whizzing arrow flew
 Unerring in its path to you;
 Insensibly the feather'd dart
 Pierc'd thro' your young and tender heart,
 And caus'd an easy restless pain
 That made you night and day complain;
 Yet not in words, but in your thought,
 'Till providence Alexis brought.

But Cupid he had cunningly
 Took up his lodging in your eye,
 And at first sight he unawares
 With's arrow pierc'd the son of Mars.

Then honest Hymen standing by
 Resolv'd to fix the nuptial ty
 To ease you both of future pain,
 That you no longer might complain.

But all the nymphs, with envy cry'd,
 When your felicity they spy'd,
 We've lost Alexis, certainly;
 Let's smite him now that he may die,
 That so our sister nymph, as well
 As we, the smart of loss may feel,

When

When Mars beheld such insolence,
Such violence to pure innocence,
He straightway to Apollo ran
Said, Brother, come and see this man;
The Naaids and the wood nymphs hath
Destroy'd him almost unto death:
Our sons on earth their skill have lost;
Come cure him up what e'er it cost:
Then shall libations offered be
To Hymen, and to you, and me:
The lovely pair will us invoke,
And all our sacred altars smoke.

Then soon Apollo did apply
For him a present remedy,
And cur'd him up; the happy swain
Was perfectly reliev'd of pain.

Then golden Hymen brought his robe,
At which your virgin heart did throb
With vigorous and gay desire,
That Hymen's torch doth still inspire;
Then he your hands and hearts did join,
Both bowing to the sacred shrine.

Enjoy now as much happiness
As I can wish, or you possess.

Thus, madam, here my tale I end,
Not wishing it would you offend:
May be indeed I've said o'er meikle,
Yet no ill's meant by

SANDY NICOL.

On the City of D U N D E E.

N E A R where the Tay joins with the ocean wide,
DUNDEE's fair harbour stands on it's north side,
Where ships of burden safely can repose,
While billows rise and loudest tempest blows. The

The ancient city, fam'd for arms and arts,
 Parent of many that have shown their parts,
 Nothing inferior to the world abroad;
 Such to this city is the gift of God.

DUNDEE is peopl'd with a prudent race
 Of wealthy traders, that enrich the place;
 To strangers kind, and hospitably good,
 With manly virtues almost all endu'd.

Where ancient buildings were by time defac'd,
 More spacious new ones in their rooms are plac'd:
 An ancient steeple rears its head on high,
 O'er looks the town, and penetrates the sky;
 Strangers admire, when it afar they spy.
 A new town house much like a palace fair,
 None of its kind can with it once compare:
 Their care and prudence did of old provide
 An hospital for those that are decay'd
 Two ancient churches, decently decor'd
 With all utensils necessar well stor'd.

Accommodations they have many now
 Which their ancestors ne'er so much as knew:
 The water-works that turneth as they please
 To quench with speed the flames devouring bleeze;
 Lamps in the streets that give a splendid light,
 Whereby we walk safe in the darkest night;
 An ancient spring, whose streams long useless stray'd,
 In leaden conduits now are all convey'd
 From street to street, the cities multitude
 By them's supplied with water fresh and good.

But ancient things commodious and great,
 Buildings and wealth, these nee'r secure the state.
 Where's Babel, Troy, and fam'd Jerusalem?
 There's scarce a vestige to be found of them;
 For pride and lust, and wretch'd idolatry,
 Bloodshed and rapin and proud tyranny,
 Long since have made them in oblivion ly.

But,

But, lo ! DUNDEE's fam'd citizens have been,
Thro' ages past, for virtuous actions keen :
Their fervent zeal for pure religion shin'd,
And left the rest of Scotland far behind,
And with the work of reformation join'd.

Here virgin beauties, with such lustre shine
That ev'ry charm about them seems divine :

Here virtuous matrons, chastly fix't in love,
That to their husband's helps and comforts prove :

Here men of learning honour and renown
In ev'ry age, have grac'd this ancient town :

Hail ancient city ! citizens, all hail !

May ne'er your grandeur wealth and honours fail !

Thy trade still prosper both by sea and land !

What e'er you wish be still at your command !

Let your religion flourish still in thee,

Thy greatest glory since thou wast DUNDEE !

The BROKEN LAIRD REPAIR'D;

OR

The DYVOUR turn'd a THRIVER;

A

COMICAL TALE,

IN FIVE CANTOS.

*Happy the man, who, studying nature's laws,
Thro' known effects can trace the secret cause;
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of fortune, and resign'd to fate.*

DRYDEN.

Persons in the Poem.

An old GENTLEMAN and his LADY.

WASTE-ALL,

LABORIOUS,

MISS JENNY,

} their children.

CAUTION, tenant to the gentleman.

AULD-USE-AND-WONT, wife to CAUTION.

SECRET, servant to CAUTION, in love with MISS JENNY,

BURGER, a rich merchant.

TRUST and OUTLY, two creditors.

TIPPLE, wife to LABORIOUS.

MISS JOHN, the minister.

A T A L E.

C A N T O I.

YOU that in stories take delight
To pass the tedious winter night,
Lend your attention here a while,
The sequel it will make you smile:

Pass by its faults with negligence,
And think the author wanted sense;
And look not on it as a crime,
What's usher'd in for sake of rhyme;
None can pretend all men to please:
But here it comes just as it is.

TH E R E was a gentleman of late,
Who had an opulent estate:
A virtuous lady, chaste and fair,
That did three children to him bear:
Two sons; as usual, the first born
Was heir; the second had a turn
For husbandry and rural life,
But chanc'd to wed a tippling wife.

The heir was WASTE-ALL nam'd; and he
Was justly nam'd so, as you'll see:
LABORIOUS was the second's name,
Whose wife MISS-TIPPLE must needs claim:

The daughter youngest of the three,
Was beauty's perfect symmetric.
No byast misconstrued blame
Could ever stain MISS JENNY's name.
Her careful pious mother taught her
All duties that became a daughter:
And she as willing did obey,
Receiv'd her precepts ev'ry day;
Till she arriv'd in the complex
The perfect mirror of her sex:

She could be chamber maid and spinner,
 And on a pinch could dress a dinner :
 Thus, country like, she did acquire
 To manage both at barn and bire ;
 Yet could behave in her vocation
 By the best born in the nation ;
 Of her, her father comfort had ;
 Her mother on her death-bed said,

“ Your parents, JEAN, you ne’re despis’d ;
 Therefore by me be now advis’d,
 Ay learn to work, go where you will ;
 Can do, my dear, does seldom ill.
 And for this reason we all know
 All things are fickle here below :
 Before you end your precious life,
 You may become a farmer’s wife ;
 Yea fortune may, if she’s not kind,
 Cause you to wed a lab’ring hind :
 An idle life’s unsafe and sinful,
 But diligence is often gainful ;
 Pray for a blessing from above ;
 Submit to the good will of Jove ;
 Be ay content in poverty,
 Grateful as in prosperity :
 And when I’m sleeping in the dust
 You’ll find my counsel good, I trust.”

Now mark, what must not be forgot,
 This worthy gentleman of note
 Had an old tenant in his ground,
 Whose counsel was ay safe and sound :
 His name was CAUTION ; and had long
 Liv’d in the place : he was not young ;
 For I’m inform’d he was not under
 Twelve years, of being ag’d two hunder.
 It passes for a true relation,
 That he’s the oldest in the nation :

Some

The Rural Muse.

Some say AULD-WONT his wife, was more,
Before she wed him, than fix-score.
Be that as 'twill, I'm very sure,
They were no churls, nor were they poor :
They lov'd it well to see folk thrive :
They many children kept alive,
With bits and sops about their table :
As for the poor, that were not able
To work, they never went away
Without sufficient alms one day.

But some, with grudging eyes beheld
His prosp'rous state, with envy fill'd,
Thus to insult the honest man,
In publick companies began :

" There's CAUTION, tax-man of Burnhaugh,
Inclos'd with weeds of arns and saugh ;
Securely sits both warm and dry,
Nothing oppress'd with poverty ;
Yet he deals more unto the poor
Than all the increase of our store :
And as an oracle of fame,
All fools admire his very name ;
Yea our good laird, tho' he be wise,
With wiser CAUTION must advise,
Concerning his rash son and heir,
That rambles wasting here and there ;
Yet both their wits can ne're contrive
A mean to make that young man thrive."

Thus, when he heard their taunts about,
His patience was so much worn out,
That, like a clock run near the hour,
He did assume the speaking power."

" My friends (said he) what tho' I be
A tax-man ? doubtless so are ye ;
Each of you in as good possession,
Tho' not content with your condition :



The Rural Muse.

And what tho' I sit dry and warm?
Can that to you do any harm?
Use means, with frugal honesty,
And then you'll sit as snug as I.
'Tis true, and must needs be confess'd,
With poverty I'm not oppress'd;
But that's the blessing of kind heaven
That to me such good luck has given.
As for my giving to the poor
More than the increase of your store,
I by experience see 'tis plain,
The more I give the more I gain.
Ay since I held my tenement,
Each year thereof I paid my rent,
And had enough to give and take;
Which freely, for the Sender's sake,
I frankly dealt unto the poor,
That call'd for pity at my door:
Oft have I prov'd that true record,
Who gives the poor lends to the LORD;
But now there's few within the land
Will trust a farthing in his hand.

But some think neither sin nor shame,
To play some guineas at a game;
Or at horse races wagers lay,
Which shall be foremost, black or bay:
And some to hunting are so gl'd,
And love so much the sport renew'd;
That they, to purchase dogs and hounds,
Will forfeit honour, wealth and grounds.
Some love to gratify their eyes
With new form'd plans and rarities
Of building, planting: and there be
That studies schemes of husbandrie,
Improving grounds to such a pitch,
Intending thereby to make rich;

Some venture on the mighty main,
Some unknown treasure to obtain :
Some face the awful scenes of war,
To gain the trophies of a scar ;
Ambitious madness men pursue,
But there's but few, a very few,
That walk in any ways conform
To heaven's laws, or them perform :
Few when they're blest with wealth in store,
Deign to take pity on the poor.

But heaven's Judge, that judgeth right,
Seeing such wretches, in his sight,
Consume his lib'ral gifts, to feed
Their lusts, while his poor people need
To be supplied ; then will not he
On such at last avenged be ?
Yea, we may daily see, and hear,
That those in honour who shin'd clear,
The only top-props of the place,
Are turn'd to ruin and disgrace :
By the effects, I guess the cause,
Has been their breach of heav'n's laws.
For those in the superior rank
Do ruin inferiors point blank :
And equals one another would
Devour with pleasure, if they could :
For pride, intemp'rance, and oppression
Abounds so much in all the nation ;
Landlords oppress'd by government
Make them again rax out their rent
Their tenants to oppress ; and they
Cause their sub-tenants to obey,
And serve with rigour at command,
Like Israelites in Egypt land :
Like them they overburden'd cry
To heav'n against their tyranny.

Jove,

Jove, who is an impartial judge,
 He hears the poor, he's their refuge ;
 And their oppressors will annoy ;
 And with just judgment them destroy.
 Witness the late rebellion, which
 Sweep't off oppressors poor and rich ;
 And if those that are left behind
 Be to inferiors so unkind,
 Just judgment sure will find them out,
 And that e're long, I make no doubt."

Then spake LABORIOUS in a rage,
 " Men have been plagu'd in ev'ry age
 With you, and scoundrels such as you,
 Who 'bout nonsense make such ado :
 Such senseless tattling fools imagine,
 That we know nothing of religion,
 Because we don't observe the motions
 Of their poor whining vulgar notions.
 Your scoundrel kind, Sir, and the poor
 Are nations plagues, I'm very sure ;
 For they're inclin'd to idleness,
 Under pretences of distress ;
 And you as senseless them supdly,
 Under pretence of piety.
 Such feigned hospitality
 Is an inlet to villany,
 And gives encouragement to such
 As on the publick would encroach,
 Like drones that in the hive abide,
 And eat what frugal bees provide."

Then CAUTION said, " My friends allow
 That I but once more speak to you,
 I only give what God gives me
 To those that are in povertie ;
 And by experience I perceive,
 The more I give, the more I have ;

While

While you, with all your frugal cunning
Thro' various schemes and arts are running,
Contriving how you may oppress
The poor and put them in distress;
And to maintain your pride and lust
To ev'ry man you are unjust;
To brutes, and to the earth itself,
Intending to increase your self.
You think it good and lawful thrift,
The king and government to shift
Of their just tributary rent,
On cov'tousness you are so bent.

Your equals daily you envy,
Because they're not in poverty;
And if you can, by slight or might,
You will deprive them of their right.

As for inferiors, do you not
As much as if you'd cut their throat?
You daily in a study dive
How to cut off their means to thrive,
How to impair their privileges;
And with superior awe obliges
Them rig'rously to serve, while you
Frown on them with contracted brow;
Coarse victuals, and not half you give
Of what they had wont to receive.

As touching beasts you over drive them,
And often of their food deprive them;
Wer't not their price you fear to lose,
Daily to death you would them toss:
Thus brutes feel your oppressing hand,
And grant to answer your command.

To earth unjust, like atheists, you
Manure and dig, and dung, and plow
Intending maugre Jove to have
More encrease than you can receive.

There's

There's scarce a bit of ancient swaird,
 Which our forefathers ever spar'd
 For common pasture to the poor,
 But you must tear up and manure.
 Such things as these you may approve ;
 But curs'd is he land-marks remove :
 And, notwithstanding all the ways
 You take to gain, your stock decays ;
 As witness every month we hear ;
 Yea daily from the gazetteer ;
 Your fair estates expos'd to sale
 To keep your bodies out of jail.
 By what is said I don't intend
 The least among you to offend :
 But truth is truth, think what you will ;
 I say no more ; my friends, farewell."

The End of the first Canto.

C A N T O II.

WHEN to the antipodes the sun,
 With expeditious haste, had run,
 And left our horizon to borrow
 Light by reflection till to-morrow ;
 The lab'ring hinds from toil retire,
 To rest and tattle by the fire
 And with the lasses interween
 Their rustick songs and jests between ;
 While burghers and rich farmers choose
 In tav'rens to tippie and carouse ;
 Our gentleman of which we spake,
 Another better course did take :
 Rather than tippie at ale or wine,
 He'd meditate on things divine ;
 How happy man was at the first,
 And by what means he was accurs'd ;

What

What mischiefs mankind had invented
Since Eve their happiness prevented ;
How mankind, worse than tygers, would
Devour each other if they could,
And for greed of this vain world's good
Would shed each other's precious blood ;
Like savage brutes of the male kind,
When they a lustful female find,
The strongest would destroy the rest
To share alone the brutal feast.

While other gentlemen were plotting
How oppression might get footing,
He like a grave and sound divine,
To rules his conduct did confine :
From morning till it was near ten,
He gave himself to thinking ; then
From that time, till it was near two,
His publick matters did pursue :
From two to six the fields he walked,
And oft with honest CAUTION talked :
Then, chagrin humours to suppress,
He with his wife would play at chess ;
And all the pledges that they laid
Were easy won, and easy paid,
A bottle of good ale or beer,
With which the winner made good cheer ;
A cheaper purchase drowth to quench
Than rich Canary wines or punch.

But, as good men oft evil see
Before it come, e'en so did he :
He saw his son with sad reflection,
So prodigal set on distraction,
That made him think t'would be his fate
To waste and ruin his estate,
That he had scrap't and kept together.
Like a discreet and prudent father,

Then

Then to his virtuous spouse he said,
 " My dear, when we in dust are laid,
 That worthless wretched son of ours
 So high above our income tow'rs,
 He'll shortly make, for ought I think,
 Our name and honour both extinct."

Said she, " good husband, there's no hope ;
 He must get leave to take his scope.
 E'en let him drink as he is brewing ;
 He'll think on't when he comes to ruin.
 Our frail and tot'ring bodies must
 Within a little turn to dust ;
 Let worldly pomp and honours go
 Since providence will have it so ;
 It will not break our hearts when we
 The desolation shall not see."

Thus were the ancient pair resign'd
 Because they could not change the mind
 Of their untoward rakish son,
 Who out of course so far had run.

Then the wise lady sent for CAUTION,
 And told him that she had a motion
 How to relieve her graceless son,
 When he his outmost course had run :
 But, " honest friend, I know you must
 By course of nature turn to dust :
 You have a servant as I hear,
 Whose name is SECRET, bring him here ;
 I will commit to him a letter,
 Containing all the secret matter ;
 I'll take his oath that he'll conceal it,
 And to no mortal e're reveal it,
 Until he see his extream need,
 Then may he break the same and read."

Then SECRET came, to whom she gave
 The letter seal'd, and bade him have

A special care to keep it close,
And unto none the same expose,
Until the time my son you see
In extreme need and miserie.

"Madam (said he) I shall obey
Whate'er your ladyship shall say,
As I shall answer at the last
To heav'n's Judge for what is past."

Now death approach'd the ancient pair ;
They died, and left their rambling heir,
Who quickly wasted his estate,
And so involv'd himself in debt,
That night nor day he could not rest,
Pursu'd with captions, and oppress
To such a desperate degree,
He knew not how nor where to flee :
Two creditors, nam'd TRUST and OUTLY,
Chas'd and assaulted him so stoutly,
That made him to appoint a day
To give his whole estate away.

But, in the time of that respite,
He thought to put on them a bite ;
And bargain'd with one BURGHER, who
Inclin'd he should outwit them : so
Having agreed, he gave him all
His rights and titles, great and small ;
And so to make a full conclusion,
He gave him a sole disposition.

But wicked chance ! just in the nick,
As BURGHER counted out his tick,
TRUST and OUTLY came in view,
And forthwith to the table drew.

"Better (said they) to be a guest
At ending of a plenteous feast,
Than the beginning of a fray,
As we have been by chance this day."

L

Then

Then said rich BURGHER, "all is one
To me, however way 'tis gone
Th' estate is mine—let WASTE-ALL now
His nearest and best course pursue."

Then WASTE-ALL said, "good Sirs be kind,
Since you to ruin me design'd,
You've got my 'state, now let me have
My bonds return'd, is all I crave."

Said TRUST and OUTLY courteously,
"That Sir is what we should deny,
Because we are not yet paid out:
But we will get no more I doubt;
Therefore we frankly here return them,
And if you please, Sir, you may burn them;
Besides, to shew a disposition
Generous to your low condition,
So far your credit to enlarge,
We grant an ample free discharge."

Then WASTE-ALL said, "I must conclude,
Your profers are both kind and good:
But nothing now can me avail;
I'm fit for nothing but a jail;
Nay, not for that, but rather live
As an abandon'd fugitive,
Be the reproach of all mankind,
Unstable both in place and mind."

Then JENNY said, all bath'd in tears,
"Long since, alas! these were my fears,
If you were e'er involved in care
You would be driven to despair,
To reason sure it is contrary:
Dear brother, join the military;
Tho' there you serve in lowest station,
You are a man of education;
Behave yourself, and you will be
Advanc'd to a more high degree."

Howe'er,

Howe'er, you ought to be content ;
'Tis your past pride's just punishment.
Why should a living man complain ?
Wealth may depart and come again :
For my part, I'm content to serve
In meanest station e'er I starve ;
Let's make the best o't that we can ;
I'll play the woman, you the man.
Good CAUTION was our father's friend,
And counsellor unto the end ;
Apply to him ; he'll not despise you
Tho' you are poor, but will advise you :
He's not so partial, to respect
The rich and great, and poor neglect."

Then WASTE-ALL said, " My sister dear,
I to your counsel shall give ear."

To CAUTION's house they went full wo,
Where was LABORIOUS come, also
His Wife, and BURGHER, TRUST and OUTLY,
All came to hear poor WASTE-ALL's outcry
Who tore his hair and clothes so fine,
And cry'd, " He'd forfeit all for wine,
For wantoness and frolick game,
For which I now must live in shame.
My pious parents I despis'd,
Was by lew'd company entic'd,
While there was ought into my pocket :
But by all these I now am mocked."

Some said, he's mad ; some said, he'll mend :
Among them he had scarce a friend ;
Some bade to get for him a whore,
And some bade kick him to the door :
Some bade give him a glass of wine ;
Some bade him come, sit down and dine.
Ne'er was a man more far forlorn,
Sustaining so much loss and scorn.

Poor miserable prodigal,
 I'll leave him that he may bewail
 His own misfortune and miscarriage,
 And treat of fair Miss JENNY's marriage,
The end of the second Canto.

C A N T O III.

IT seems there are but very few
 Themselves from Cupid can rescue :
 For he's suppos'd to shoot at random ;
 And sometimes hits by chance the grandame,
 As well's the grandchild ; all is one :
 His arrows force resist can none,
 Save eunuchs only ; yea, a nun
 The pow'r of love she cannot shun ;
 Nay grief herself in vain must strive
 The force of Cupid to deprive ;
 As witness here Miss JENNY fair,
 Dejected with dishevel'd hair.
 Young SECRET sees a thousand charms
 Inviting him into her arms ;
 Like to the sun when he is shrouded,
 When by a summer show'r o'erclouded ;
 His rays obliquely may encline,
 Yet will they with great lustre shine ;
 So beauteous charms more sweet appears
 When they're bedew'd with tender tears.
 Now SECRET was a man reserv'd,
 And honest CAUTION long had sery'd ;
 Yet must he feel the wounding dart
 Of Cupid piercing to his heart,
 That made him sigh and wry his brow,
 And think, " What shall I say or do ?
 Can I attempt in my low station,
 A maid of birth and education ?

Yet

Yet she's reduc'd, as well as me,
To an inferior degree.
I'll speak my mind, be as it will,
Perhaps with her I may prevail :
A proverb I have heard declare,
A faint heart wins no lady fair ;
Wherefore I'll try my art to gain her,
For never would a lover fainer."
So by degrees the lover drew
To have a private interview.

At last he found her all alone,
Fetching many a sigh and groan ;
But like a lover he drew near,
Possess'd at once with hope and fear :
At last his courage won the day,
And to love's passion he gave way.
Said he —————

“ DEAR MISTRESS, why in tears ?

“ Pray, cast aside your useless fears ;

“ Learn with all ills to be content,

“ You can't foresee nor yet prevent.

“ You gave your brother good advice ;

“ Take part thereof, if you are wise :

“ Submit to fate, slight worldly honour,

“ And never grudge at heaven's donor.

“ And if you please to condescend

“ Your future life with me to spend,

“ Perhaps you may be happy more

“ Than what you ever was before :

“ For tho' I'd been a lord or earl,

“ And you but a poor country girl,

“ I could have lov'd none else but you,

“ Tho' I'd fought all the world thro'.

“ It is presumption, to be sure,

“ For me to think I should procure

“ Your

" Your love, that you might live with me,
 " Who am but poor of low degree:
 " Yet I must needs my passion vent,
 " Which doth my breast so much torment;
 " If you disdain to pity me,
 " No pleasure more on earth I'll see,
 " Yet let me tell you, tho' I'm now
 " In equal circumstance with you,
 " Indeed I was as highly born;
 " Therefore torment me not with scorn;
 " For Jove of mortals doth dispose
 " (For reasons that himself best knows)
 " According as he hath a mind,
 " The consequence we only find."

MISS JENNY fetch'd a sigh and said,
 " DEAR SIR, respect for you I had
 Before you spake; but much more now,
 Believing what you say is true.

But, tell me, Sir, e're I consent,
 How you resolve our settlement;
 What business you mean to drive,
 By which we may both live and thrive."

" You need not fear, my dear, (said he)
 Each year I wan a certain fee,
 Most part whereof I have in store,
 And providence will send us more:
 And my good master CAUTION will,
 I'm sure befriend us ever still;
 From him we'll get a little house,
 Till fortune more for us produce:
 Therefore, my dear, give your consent,
 And learn with me to be content."

Said she, " It seems 'tis fate's decree
 That you and I should wedded be:
 And since that I am brought so low,
 Great thanks I to my mother owe,

That

That taught me how to work and gain
My daily bread, life to maintain,

But, Sir, your birth you seem'd to hint
Was unto me no detriment :

Please tell me out the story clear ;
For fondly I the same would hear."

" Ah lovely fair, (said he) my birth
To me is now but little worth ;

Which is the cause I have conceal'd it,
And in this place yet ne'er reveal'd it :

Yet I'll do ought at your command ;

Therefore, my fairest, understand,

My father was an honest man,

Descended of a noble clan ;

My mother also nothing less ;

But on that I need lay no stress :

His name was HONEST, and had not

In all his character a blot ;

But to say truth, the country round

With him was scarcely ever found,

Because his principles were quite

Reverse to what was their delight.

The good of others still he sought,

And ever spake just as he thought :

He lov'd his sov'reign and his nation,

And hated brib'ry and oppression :

Laws and religion he supported,

And the disconsolate comforted :

E'en to be short, his life and fame

Agreed exactly with his name.

But in defence of lawful right

As he upon a time did fight,

They took away his precious life ;

With grief thereat soon died his wife :

I and my brother then were left

Of comfort and all good bereft :

My brother older was than me,
 And frolicksome to that degree,
 That soon he wasted pack and purse,
 And died soon after with remorse;
 For gaming, balling, whoring, drinking,
 He never had time left for thinking,
 Till he (ah poor unhappy wretch !)
 Of both our fortunes made dispatch;
 Which an untimely end brought on him,
 And few or none was to bemoan him:
 I griev'd at such a dismal case
 Did wander from my native place,
 Not knowing where, with tardie motion;
 At last I fell on honest CAUTION;
 With whom I hir'd, and wrought ay since,
 None knowing of my circumstance.
 But now, methinks, kind heav'n smiles,
 And all my future fears beguiles;
 My funken sp'rit revives again
 Like to clear shining after rain;
 I'll frankly bear all ills of life,
 Since I'll enjoy thee for my wife."

"What you advance (said she) appears
 The greatest wonder in mine ears
 I ever heard:—Two never met
 So equally unfortunate.

Let us to heav'n ourselves resign;
 The will of Jove shall ay be mine:
 If Jove we love, serve and obey,
 He will support us every way;
 And what he sees we really need
 Doubtless by him will be supplied.
 But towards CAUTION's house let's go,
 There's my poor brother full of wo."

"But stay, dear JENNY, I have now
 Thought on somewhat I have to shew

To your dear brother, now in tears,
That may prevent his future fears :
Go therefore, bring him hère to me ;
The sequel you shall after see."

" Glad would I be, if any wese
Could mitigate my brother's care :
But are you bound so to conceal it
That unto me you can't reveal it ?
By ties of love, Sir, I would crave
I might the welcome secret have."
Said he, " Dear JENNY, rest content;
'Tis partly to get his consent,
That you and I should wedded be ;
What's more soon after you shall see."

Then unto him, in haste she went ;
And said, " Dear brother, be content,
Go, speak with SECRET ; lo ! he waits
For you just now without the gates :
I'll in and hear yon gentles talk,
While you and he shall take a walk."

When she went in, AULD-USE-AND-WONT
Did give her knee a hearty dunt ;
And cry'd, " Miss JENNY, sit by me,
There's nane mair welcomer can be."

LABORIOUS took her in his arms ;
And cry'd, " She has a thousand charms ;
Great pity 'twere one should be lost
That can of wit and beauty boast."

Then BURGHER said, " Good Sir, 'tis true,
And may prevented be by you ;
For you are rich enough, and can
E'en help the girl to get a man."

" Well jested BURGHER, on my word :
If you give ought, I'll give a third
Above you, were it thousands more
Than what she could have had before."

" Well then (said BURGHES) at this rate,
 Altho' my wealth's not very great
 To manage you, I'll compliment
 Miss JENNY with a whole year's rent
 Of the estate I lately bought,
 Or as much cash, I'll minish nought;
 And to make good, fir, what I said
 My obligation shall be had."

Then TIPPLE said, " Reach me the cap,
 I'll drink to MISTRESS JANE's good hap;
 For beauty, wit and honesty
 Procures good fortune certainly."

" Na, na, (said WONT) I winna say
 That fortune favours good folk ay;
 For aft the best do suffer need
 When warst are satisfied wi' bread.
 I've seen a proud insulting knave,
 With some few bags of cash, behave
 As he had been a lord himself;
 So proud some arè puff'd up with pelf:
 While wit and virtue have been made
 Oblig'd to beg their daily bread."

Said TIPPLE, " Let her health go round;
 I'm glad she has such favour found;
 And wish her more and more success
 Till she exceed in happiness."

" Come come (said BURGHES) sign, LABORIOUS;
 This deed of ours must be notorious:
 An hundred pōund I give and grant
 To ease Miss JENNY of her want;
 And you shall give her two, no less,
 According as you did profess."

LABORIOUS said, " I will be glad,
 Since you for her such tidings had:
 So here we both shall sign the band;
 And give it freely in her hand."

The end of the third Canto.

CANTO IV.

*Here view young SECRET and his lady
Pregnant with news, to speak both ready :
But he, more quick, first silence broke,
And unto this effect he spoke :*

“ **A** Letter I just now receiv’d,
At which I am both glad and griev’d ;
Since here we have a little leisure,
My dear, I’ll read it for your pleasure.”

*To Mr. SYMON SECRET, residing with Mr. CAU-
TION in Burnhaugh, &c.*

“ My dearest nephew ; —————
————— understand,
So soon as this comes to your hand ;
Come here to me, for I am lying
Most dang’rous ill, for certain dying ;
My children all are dead and gone,
And I am only left alone ;
And I bequeath, as heirship due,
My whole estate and wealth to you ;
Come take possession-----if ye’re spar’d,
See my corps decently inter’d.
My feeble fingers scarce will sign
My name to this imperfect line :
Your loving uncle till I dy
I shall remain, —————
————— PHILANTHROPY.”

APRIL 2d 1753.

“ My dear, these are sad news (said she)
Since you must alter your degree,
I’ll now be left to mourn my fate,
Nothing my grief can now abate :

In my state you seem'd to prove
A comfort once to me, my love;
But now from me you must depart,
And leave me here to break my heart."

Said he, "My dear, pray cease to mourn;
To you I shortly shall return;
Then you and me shall never part,
Till death shall break our tender heart;
And, to confirm what here I say,
We'll marry e'er I go away;
Yet fain I would my uncle see
If that I could before he die:
But freely could I part with all
That mankind dear or valu'd call,
And that with the profoundest ease,
Before I you in ought displease;
For still I'll love and honour thee
Since you have stoopt to favour me."

MISS JENNY, smiling thro' her tears,
Began to drop her former fears;
Said, "My dear SECRET, heaven smiles,
And all my grief and fears beguiles:
Can I then choose but grateful be
To Jove, for all his care for me?
Yea, while I being have, I'll praise
Him who from nothing did me raise,
And by his care and providence
Provided for me ever since.

My portion was intirely lost,
And I had nought whereof to boast,
Save that I could work with my hands
To satisfy nature's demands:
But when my brother saw me mourn,
His heart did with compassion burn;
And said he would assign for me
A portion fitting my degree:

BURGER alledging that he would
Not give so much as well he could,
So rais'd his pride and emulation,
That made him speak forth in a passion,
Pray BURGER, what needs all this trouble?
What e'er you give I'll give a double.

Said BURGER, There's no tie on me,
But nature's self obliges thee;
She neither is my kin nor blood:
But, seeing she's both fair and good,
I'll give her wholly out of hand
A year's rent of her father's land;
And this the more engages me
To get sufficient mends of thee:
So they both sign'd the evidence,
More out of pride than good pretence.
Lo! here it is: I wish my brother,
Poor WASTE-ALL, had just such another;
I'm sure he would take better tent,
Than he has done, how it were spent."

Then SECRET said, "some lucky chance
His broken fortune may advance:
But LABORIOUS must not know
What there's past last betwixt us two;
For, since a portion he assigns you,
You marry must as he designs you.

But WASTE-ALL is well satisfied
That you just now shall be my bride;
And he is gone to call Miss JOHN,
To join our hands, and make us one:
My master and my mistress, both,
To tell the secret, will be loth;
They shall be witnesses; and, when
Time will allow, let others ken.

To-morrow by the break of day,
If health permit, I must away:

But

But do not grudge, my dear, nor mourn;
For very soon I will return."

Then SECRET went, the rest to warn
To meet him just now in the barn:
With that MISS JOHN and WASTE-ALL came,
That put MISS JENNY in a flame.
But, gath'ring courage, in they went;
Both signified they were content:
So joining hands MISS JOHN them blest,
Declar'd them married, them dismiss.
Then, coming to the companie,
One cry'd, MISS JENNY, "sit by me:
Welcome MISS JOHN; here take your place,
You're come in time to say the grace;
For CAUTION is so staunch a whig,
And with the clergy turn'd so big,
That men in company cannot
Make free with him without a blot."

Said TIPPLE, "that is very true;
For if we're merry we're call'd fu':
The like of him, if they were able,
Would make an honest man a rebel:
They prize their own fantastick wit,
Because the ball is at their foot:
This is a critical sad time,
When ev'ry thing is judg'd a crime
That's not conform to whiggish whims,
A pack of fancy d—ls limbs."

MISS JOHN replied, "dear madam, stop
You should have better sense I hope,
Than ridicule against the laws,
Religion, and the good old cause."

"The good old cause, alas! (said she)
Is lost for any thing I see.
Our nation's constitutions all
Are chang'd and no memorial

Of ancient privileges left;
From church and state all are bereft.
But, Sir, I'll not expect of you,
My meaning you will misconstrue:
I love the government and laws,
I also love the good old cause;
I love religion when 'tis right,
And all conform to holy writ:
But impositions on folks conscience
Are both ridiculous and nonsense."

MISS JOHN then whisp'ring, said to CAUTION;
" 'Tis the drap drink that rais'd this motion:

Pray madam drop this topick now;
For I suppose you please but few:"

"Content (said TITTLE) I don't doubt;
For few love truth tell'd here about."

The end of the fourth Canto.

C A N T O V.

THE western hills eclips'd the sun,
When his diurnal course was run;
Night spread her mantle o'er the field's,
And men resorted to their beilds:
So here in CAUTION's house was met
A company at table set;
For he a supper had prepar'd
To comfort his young broken laird:
But by their wits all were not able
To make him sit down at the table;
For no doubt but he looked blate
When he had spent his whole estate.
LABORIOUS call'd him, "graceless brother
As ever was born of a mother."

TRUST

TRUST and OUTLY said, "no man
Will do ought better than he can;
Poor man! his case is right forlorn,
He gets now both the staith and scorn."

MISS JOHN said, "It is Jove's donation
That makes men manage with discretion."
Then CAUTION said, "dear sir, I pray
Be pleas'd the company obey;
Sit down to supper: and take heart;
For wealth will come and will depart;
And if it leave not us, we must
Leave it e'er long, and turn to dust."

AULD-WONT said, "I have seen some men
Toil and turmoil with meikle pain;
Yet all fatigue they could endure,
They could not help their being poor:
And I have seen some men grow rich
That were intended to be such;
And men of honour, wealth and pow'r,
That thought themselves in pomp secure,
Brought to contempt, reproach and scorn,
And in the saddest case forlorn.
So that none needs to be cast down,
When fortune, after smiles, doth frown;
For she is but a ticklish jade,
And those that heed her freaks are mad."

MISS JENNY said, "His management,
No doubt, his mind will now torment:
Yet he's in better case this way,
Than many gentlemen this day;
Who, sculking, dare not once come near
Unto their dwelling-house for fear,
And many of them slain and catch'd,
And soon disgracefully dispatch'd;
Their goods confiscate, and their lands
Are forfeit all in the king's hands:

Their

Their generation's banish'd from
Their nation and their native home :
Whose fates much sadder are by far
Than those of my poor brother's are ;
For tho' his lands be lost, yet he
May sojourn in the nation free,
And use what occupation may
By providence come in his way."

Then BURGHER smil'd ; and, jesting, said,
" If WASTE-ALL well lin'd pockets had,
He'd sojourn with a better grace,
Than he can do in any place."

Then TITTLE said, " SIR BURGHER, you
No doubt in this have spoken true ;
But yet I think your manners scant,
To brag a poor man with his want."

" Madam (said he) be not offended
For it is more than I intended."

" I think (said she) you needed not
Cast on his father's son a blot ;
A better fellow than yourself
(For all your base ill gotten pelf)
Would not have brag'd him at this rate,
For all your opulent estate :
For poor man his necessity
Was your curs'd opportunity ;
Just like a covetous meal monger,
That knows the poor must starve with hunger,
Unless they give what price he pleases ;
Sir, by these means your wealth increases."

Said BURGHER, " It is womens failing,
They always love to fall a railing :
Howe'er, your ladyship to fire,
I'll drive the jest a little higher ;
Let WASTE-ALL, if he pleases now,
Before the company and you,

Lay half my money in my hand,
I'll wholly give him back his land."

Then WASTE-ALL said, "Sir, here I hold
Your money shall to you be told;
I have it in my pocket here,
That will the bargain fully clear."

Then all the company amaz'd
On one another mutely gaz'd.

MISS JOHN said, "Such another turn
I never saw since I was born:
Now, BURGER, you are fairly bit
By him you judg'd had little wit."

Then said AULD-WONT, "I think this day
Might be the subject of a play;
For better sport I never saw,
Since ever I came here awa:

It pleases me my master's son
Will yet (poor man!) enjoy his own;
I wish ilk ane could sing and say,
My ains my ain, as he this day."

Then BURGER said, "That's come in season;
I take you witness, she spake treason."

"Nay hold! (said CAUTION) that's envy,
And in revenge you make a ly;
For, tho' she wish'd ilk ane their ain,
Is that a treasonable stain?"

"Yes, yes (said BURGER) the Pretender
Thinks Britain should to him surrender,
And set him king upon the throne,
Because he reckons it his own."

Then said AULD-WONT, "Sir, you, and others
That in strange cruelty are brothers;
You think no sin to cast aspersions
Upon well meaning honest persons:
I had no thought of king nor queen,
And wonder what such catchers mean:

If ye were rightly serv'd, 'twere reason
You were convicted, Sir, of treason;
For when you say, the crown's his own,
What wants he more, Sir, but the throne?"

LABORIOUS said, "I never dive
Who should be king, if I can thrive;
For kings and great men ne'er cast out
About the poor and vulgar rout:
So, when the king and government,
Promotes our int'rest, I'm content.
I would not join to change by force
This government, perhaps, for worse:
I think it is the height of nonsense,
When we have liberty of conscience,
Freedom of trade, and ev'ry thing
Can be expected of a king,
To wish a change, for one who may,
Perhaps, oppress us ev'ry way."

"To me (said CAUTION) it appears
This bygone time, for many years,
Our clergy and our gentry, they,
For the most part, have gone astray:
Cursing, whoring, gaming, drinking,
Was most the gentry's way of thinking;
And living at too high a rate,
By which they wasted their estate:
Oppression, pride and tyranny,
Covetousness and luxury,
Brought divine judgment on their heads,
To punish these their sinful deeds.

The careless clergy seldom mind,
Except on Sundays, things divine;
Their stipends, glebes and gardens, they
In their mind bear the greatest sway."

Then said Miss JOHN, "You are not blate
To scandalize us at this rate."

"I speak

" I speak in gen'ral, Sir (said CAUTION)
 Therefore do not mistake my notion;
 For I'll say truth, you may expect it,
 Where one is serious ten neglect it:
 Let him to whom this charge is laid,
 Come challenge me for what I said;
 And then I'll know him to be one
 At whom I meant to cast a stone;
 Not knowing whom I hit, until
 He tell me that I have done ill."

MISS TIPPLE said, " Let quarrels pass:
 I'm dry; let's have the other glass.
 Now USE-AND-WONT is an old wife;
 Let's have a hist'ry of her life:
 Say, why is she call'd USE-AND-WONT?
 Or was she nam'd so from the font?"

" That be my task (MISS JENNY said)
 Long since, when she was but a maid,
 Her name was CUSTOM, as is plain,
 Attested by all honest men.
 Long since in our ancestors time,
 When USE-AND-WONT was in her prime,
 She was like to a statute book
 On which the pation all did look;
 And every one was deem'd a fool,
 That acted ought beyond the rule:
 Then was no need for bills nor bands;
 All bargains stood by shaking hands:
 Then was no tacks on tenements;
 Each paid their ancient usual rents:
 None would adventure for his neck
 His neighbour's tenement to take;
 None ent'ries paid for their possessions,
 And none complained of oppressions.
 And if they had, as neighbours will,
 By virtue of the other gill,

Or sitting long beside the barrel,
About some trifle bred a quarrel,
And rais'd the topick to such height
As made them rise, perhaps, and fight;
And may be, with their rattlef blows,
Broke others heads, or bled their nose:
Yet of AULE-WONT they stood such aw,
That they durst never go to law;
But the next day, when sober men,
They took a pint and 'gree'd again.

Besides, the lawyers did not plead
For love of gain, or for their bread;
Justice and equity was all
By which a cause could stand or fall:
Yea ev'ry thing within the nation
Was done with justice and discretion.

But foreigners did us corrupt,
And our own customs we gave up,
And brought us fashions from abroad,
That to us at the first seem'd odd;
Yet we embrac'd them at the last,
And USE-AND-WONT away we cast.
Some were so mad for her confusion
That they consulted a physician,
How they a ling'ring potion might
Give her, to wear her from their sight:
So when she was quite out of vogue,
And hunted fore thro' moor and bog,
As an exile she here remains;
And CAUTION thought her worth his pains
To choose her for his wife, and they
Liv'd ever happy to this day:
And USE-AND-WONT has been her name
Ay since an exile she became.
Ay since the poor have miss'd her fore
And many yet will miss her more.

But shortly there will come a time
 When they'll confess it was a crime :
 For lo ! the curse that shall attend
 The wretches that did thus offend,
 Will eat their substance out to nothing,
 And leave them neither food nor clothing ;
 No land-lord e'er shall thrive a day
 That helps to put AULD-WONT away."

LABORIOUS all the rest invited
 To have all bargains whole compleated ;
 So when they'd finish'd ev'ry thing,
 They look'd all cheerful as the spring :
 Ev'n BURGHER, who beguil'd himself,
 Look'd blyth, altho' he lost his pelf :
 CAUTION no little was comforted
 To see the rest as they had sported.

MISS JOHN said, CAUTION, "once you had,
 If right I mind, a pretty lad ;
 Where is he now ? since I came here,
 I have not seen the boy appear."

Said CAUTION, "Sir, he's gone to see
 His uncle that is like to die."

As they thus talk'd, they heard a horse
 Come riding in the way with force :
 By orders forth a servant ran,
 And found it was a gentleman,
 Who hastily began to speer

"What company have you got here."

MISS JENNY heard, and fast as able,
 With WASTE-ALL, rose up from the table,
 And to the door like lightning flew ;
 Who, when of him she got a view,
 She cry'd, "My love, my life, my all,
 Light down, and into my arms fall."

Then in they went ; the rest amaz'd
 All on the stranger strangely gaz'd :

When

When CAUTION came to understand
That it was SECRET, caught his hand,
And said, "Sir SECRET, by your dress,
I think we secrets may confess."

"Yes, yes (said he) and now I crave
I may her brother's pardon have;
For she's my wife now, come what will,
To have and hold for good and all."

Said CAUTION, "Is your uncle dead?"
"Yes Sir (said SECRET) in his stead
I now I'm heir, as sure's I'm here,
And that's two hundred pounds a year."

LABORIOUS said, "I am well pleas'd,
My brother and my sister's rais'd
To as great honour and degree
As they were born both heirs to be :
I wish you joy with all my heart.
And so in peace we'll all depart,
Each one to our respective place,
And leave the young folk to solace
Themselves with love, till the next day
We meet again." Here ends the play.

Sung by MISS JENNY.

*MANKIND is like a tennis ball,
Toft to and fro by fate.
Tho' one to day were lord of all,
In honour ne'er so great ;
Yet the next day reproach and scorn
May be his sordid lot ;
His wealth dispers'd, and he forlorn,
And's pleasures quite forgot.*

Our

Our joys continue but short space;
 Our griefs more lasting be;
 We may soon fall into disgrace,
 Tho' in prosperitie.
 We mortals too short sighted are
 True virtue to discern;
 How to escape the baneful snare,
 We too, too seldom learn.

ON FORTUNE.

I Know not what mischievous jarring odds
 Sometimes fall out among the factions gods :
 But oftentimes dame FORTUNE, being blind,
 She gets a clasp or redding stroke behind,
 That makes her stagger, and confus'dly reel,
 And miss the centre of her ticklish wheel ;
 She and her favourites cry *barlafumble*;
 While in the dirt they tops o'er turvy tumble.
 Such accidents have many mischiefs done :
 They kick'd a Charles from the British throne ;
 While on the top he safely seem'd to tread,
 The wheel soon turn'd, the monarch lost his head.

But she by wings still to the top is born,
 And in her hand holds Amalthea's horn ;
 Bidding all mortals high and low repair
 To her, and of the same rich plenty share.

But that sleek wheel, whereon the strumpet treads,
 Still hovers o'er the dark oblivion shades :
 Yet heedless mortals by her philters drawn ;
 To gain the top, their very souls will pawn :
 Like swarms of bees ambitiously they climb,
 And wrestle to ascend the slippery rim ;
 Yet some faint-hearted heavy a----s sway
 The wheel half round, thence in the dirt go they.
 While on the other side aloft some rise,
 Insulting as they would invade the skies ;
 Rivals in direct opposition hing,
 And thousand vot'rics their petitions bring,
 Imploring FORTUNE to send favour down,
 And their endeavours with glad success crown.
 She deals to all, both honest man and rogue,
 By chance, just as the blind man kill'd the dog :

Some get preferment ; other some obtain
 A virtue to increase and manage gain ;
 Whilst other wrestlers, that might merit plead,
 In no endeavours ever can succeed.

Thus she unconstant, without judgment, roves ;
 She'll hate to morrow whom to day she loves :
 And whom she hates is seldom reconcil'd ;
 No more her favours are to them reveal'd.
 Just like a friend suspicious causeless grown,
 Whose wonted smiles turn to an angry frown ;
 His threatening aspect dire resentment shows,
 Tho' nought save innocence his party knows :
 So she, if disoblig'd, or, which is worse,
 If she but think so, doth intail her curse.

Great monarchies and glorious empires she
 Has laid in dust by her austeritie ;
 Besides ten thousand thousand families
 By her o'erthrown in dark oblivion lyes :
 Nay hero's proud, that could the world command,
 Could never her unconstant freaks withstand.
 Th'aspiring youth need not her favour plead,
 Nor does she ought regard the hoary head :
 The rich, tho' rais'd to fame's stupendous height,
 Cannot secure her favours for one night :
 She flights religion and the learned schools ;
 But favours most the covetous and fools.

A PASTORAL between COLIN, WILLIE and DEAVY, upon BALED- GARNO'S Marriage.

THREE canty shepherds met upon the plain,
 Cheerfu' as sun-shine after show'rs of rain :
 Ilk ane was blyth to see another out,
 Free on the fields to laugh and loup about.

Kind

Kind WILLIE he, in hamely laughing terms,
Claught COLIN keenly in his rustick arms;
And furthy DEAVY, seeing them, grew bauld,
His brawny arms soon did them baith infauld.
“ Dear-welcome lads, (the blythsome DEAVY cry’d,)
This is the day our pipes maun a’ be try’d.”
“ Wi’ a’ my heart (quoth COLIN) fetch them out,
And let us list ilk ane a spring about.”
Quoth WILLIE, “ then to take awa’ a’ grudge,
We twa will sing, and COLIN he’ll be judge :
And wha sings best fall be the prettiest man,
And a’ the flutes fall fairly be his aun.

DEAVY.

What, fall we sing of Courts, or Wars alarms;
Or Love, the sweetest theme and fastest charms ?

COLIN.

Naithing but Love fall be your task to sing;
Love best befits us; ’tis the darling thing.
Ilk ane o’ you the others las describe,
That partial love may not your fancies bribe,
But I could wish I shou’dna’ judge, but hear
I’ve nae mair skill save an impartial ear.
Now WILLIE, ye maun first begin the lay
And a’ your sweets of vocal notes display:
If Babie’s beauties can inspire your breast,
Sick sentiments will by you be exprest.
DEAVY fall neist on Annie’s charms advance:
And, when we’ve done, we’ll tune our reeds and dance.

WILLIE.

O Phœbus, master of the tunefu’ nine,
Exoner me, and polish my engine!
Gi’ me that verse sung in a fast sweet lay,
That’s due to Daphné and the honour’d bay!
But yet in vain I crave your help, when she
In beauty is superior to thee:

Whilk

Whilk ye may view ; yet a' your eloquence
 Can ne'er express her in a perfect sense.
 'Tis vain for you to rax aboon your height ;
 Your light's but single, her's is double bright.
 Thy absence is but night ; but her's is hell :
 In all things else fair Babie does excel.
 O lucky DEAVY ! lucky apes and ay !
 Happy in Babie's bright refugent ray !
 Reflecting on you virtue, goodness, greatness,
 As in her face ten thousand beauties witness.
 Babie's a star, ay, she's a lovely star ;
 She's lovely fair, her cheeks sweet roses are ;
 Her smiles ! her lips ! how sparkles her bright eyes !
 But in her mind what nobler beauty lyes !
 I'm sure your senses canna' miss to strive,
 Whilk fall outdo anither when they dive
 On Babie's beauties ; when you see her face,
 Your sight to hearing surely maun gi' place,
 To hear her voice : but, when you touch her lip,
 'Tis as you wi' the gods did nectar sip ;
 Your sight and hearing are confounded quite,
 Your touch and taste all surfeit with delight.
 Pears drop to see her ; apples fade away ;
 The purple vine and olive, baith decay.
 Wherewi' fall shepherds weave their garlands now,
 When myrtles, bays and roses tye their hue ?
 All nat'ral beauties quickly disappear
 At Babie's presence, in her bloom maist clear ;
 Her well shed hair, ev'n parted on her brow,
 As by her bridegroom, at the marriage vow.
 Apollo's skill, wi' a' his tunefu' nine,
 Her simple beauty canna' right define.
 Out of her breast ten thousand arrows flies,
 By which ten thousand lovers wounded lies ;
 But sprightly DEAVY wan the lovely prize.

Thrice happy lad ! thrice happy shepherd's fate !
That gain'd fair Babie, Babie good and great.
I'll mint nae mair fair Babie's charms to trace ;
Her ilka virtue, beauty, charm and grace
Leads aff my thoughts into a senseless maze,
Till like a statue, I maun thoughtless gaze.
Therefore dear DEAVY, as your rightful due,
I'll fairly yield the flutes and bays to you.

DEAVY.

Dear WILLIE, gin ye shall defective prove,
How can I sing the wonders of your love ?
Sin ye o' Babie sicken thoughts can raise,
What can I say to worthy Annie's praise :
Sin ye prefer to Phoebus Babie's eyes,
I can but say Annie's the fairer prize.
Ay Annie was, and is ! what's this I say ?
Ah ! my unguarded giddie fancies stray.
O Pap recover my tint senses now
When Annie's charms in recompence I shew !
Annie's a lass well wordy o' your care :
A lass said I !---nae better o' my pray'r ;
She's now a wife : well snappering nae mair,
Need I invoke the rural pow'rs by pray'r.
If Annie's self can oughtlins me inspire,
I may presume again to touch the lyre :
If not, I'll swear henceforth nae mair I'll sing,
Nor fall I ever touch the trembling string.

If sleepe poppies vie wi' lillies white,
Or western shades wi' fair aurora's light ;
If black wi' snaw-white lambs, or night wi' day,
Or dowie cyprus wi' the cheerfu' bay ;
Sae may the nymphs, and maist accomplish'd fair,
Wi' sweeter Annie mint anes to compare.

Her breast is like a cabinet of goud
Wherein the richest jewels are bestow'd ;

Wit,

Wit, virtue, prudence, constancy and love,
 And a' good things we mortals can approve;
 Humility, discretion, chastity,
 And thousands mae that raise her dignity.
 Her stature's comely: O! her charming voice
 Wad gar a sullen dotard sot rejoice.
 And you, O WILLIE, then how blest are ye,
 When to a' these you can have access free?
 In praising Babie ye my muse prevented,
 Or I had Annie's character augmented.

WILLIE.

Na, DEAVY, na; forsooth I canna' say
 For complements but ye have win the day.

DEAVY.

Na WILLIE; you your hyperboles advance
 Aboon a rustick shepherd's eloquence.

WILLIE.

Your Babie merits a' I said, and mair,
 And has mae virtues than I can declare;
 For, as I said, Apollo wi' his nine
 Ae charm about her canna right define.

DEAVY.

Your Annie merits mair nor I can say;
 For, as I said, if night can vie wi' day,
 Sae may her sex mint wi' her to compare,
 Pan or Sylvanus may her worth declare.

WILLIE.

Babie frae COLIN's ancestors descended;
 They're much the same, for a' we have contended.

DEAVY.

Your Annie's birth declare her worth and merit,
 And in her shine our COLIN's noble spirit:
 Ay, Annie bears our worthy COLIN's name,
 That shines renowned in records of fame;
 And ye your sell e'en sprang frae COLIN's race:
 And twice sin' syne the fam'lies did embrace;

By

By Hymen's tie, by him they friendship vow'd ;
By Annie now that friendship is renew'd.

WILLIE.

Babie partakes of COLIN's worth and fame,
And bears as well a worthy shepherd's name ;
And ye your sell was sy to COLIN dear,
And now by Babie in a tie mair near.

DEAVY.

There's no a herd on a' the banks of Tay
Can tell sic tales as COLIN's sell can say ;
For his forbears built twa' stately bowers,
To screen them frae the winter fleets and showers :
On a' our banks naie may them parallel,
They cast a dasth that a' the lave excel.
Now wand'ring Sae the auldest ane possessor ;
She's left it void, and now it fair decreases :
The other now is COLIN's residence,
For bonnieness might lodge a king or prince.

WILLIE.

Well is he wordy o't ; and may he lang
Possess the same, to judge the shepherd's sang.

COLIN.

To judge your fangs wou'd be a kittle part,
Ye hit fae near ilk ane another's art :
As in a cock-fight ye your heads have won,
Nor by the one the other is outdone ;
Ye baith deserve alike the wadger laid :
And DEAVY now what ye of Annie said,
It might in WILLIE raise a jealousy,
But that he errs in that as well as ye.
Keep baith your flutes : and, WILLIE, I to you
Present a garland fitting for your brow ;
Well wrought of myrtles, bays and roses sweet,
Emblems of conquest, peace and love's delight ;
A virtuous cleek of silder clear tho' auld,
That keeps the sod frae louping o' the fauld :

These

These fins' propines I frankly gi' to you;
And wish you heal sangs sweetly to renew.

And, DEAVY, ye slob bairn mauna be,
Sae lang as I hae ony thing to gi',
I'll compliment you wi' a pair o' doves,
Milk white as emblems of conjugal loves,
And eik a pipe I gat frae Pan langsyne,
Whase virtue cheers the heart as well as wine:
Now turn your notes into anither strain;
Your real judgments frae the heart explain,
Whilk o' the twa is best; a single life,
Or to be knit in wedlock to a wife?

DEAVY.

In reason COLIN ought to be obey'd;
Sin for our pains baith you and me are pay'd:
How shall we sing? by turns, or even out?

WILLIE.

Lang takes I hate, let's e'n take turn about.

DEAVY.

Then, to be short, a single life is best,
If we cou'd live but virtuous, good and chaste.

WILLIE.

What anger ail'd you then to take a wife
If ye sae mickle prize a single life?
If ane had tald you sae when ye was single,
Your judgment to believ't wou'd had a pingle.

DEAVY.

But stay, dear WILLIE, I've experience,
And that ye ken gi's souk a hantle sense:
Youthhead is wild, and ill to manage aft,
Unless their tempers are but dead and fast:
Syn in that case man canna' aft his part;
The lave befools him, says he has nae heart.

WILLIE.

Well what o' that? youth maun be out, and then
We turn sedate, wise and judicious men;

Blest

Blest wi' a wife gets children to succeed
In our aun parts, when we are fail'd or dead.

DEAVY.

Of graceless youths there's little hopes that they
Will e'er be good unto their dying day :
They may indeed get children and a wife ;
But that ne'er mends their base and vicious life :
Their ill example spills baith wife and bairns,
And ev'n does ill to a' their near concerns ;
But virtuous free men's void of household care,
And meikle lost in keeping house can spare.

WILLIE.

The best of a' have frolics in their youth ;
Age and experience leads them up to truth :
A rackless youth may prove a man right wise,
And may like you the leats of youth despise.
But, to live single purposely to spare
For framet blood, sure is the warst o' care.

DEAVY.

A family is no sae easy guided,
Nor yet are they sae easily provided ;
Besides it adds still to our guilt the mair,
If we in virtue not exemplar are :
But to live single is a virtuous life,
And far mair canny than to wed a wife.

WILLIE.

Well DEAVY lad, sin' virtue you commend,
Tell me whereto a virtuous life shou'd tend.

DEAVY.

That question, WILLIE, is right easie kend,
To happiness a virtuous life will tend :
Thereby prolong we life, and please the gods,
Who take us when we die to blest abodes.

WILLIE.

Can oughtlins better please the gods than this ;
Or oughtlins mair augment our happiness,

P

Than

Than wed a virtuous charming lovely wife,
Wi' her to lead an honest frugal life;
And, as I said, get children to succeed
In our aun parts when we are fail'd or dead?

DEAVY.

Ah! witty WILLIE, I maun awn indeed
Ye've fairly hit the nail upo' the head:
That's it I meant; a virtuous man and wife
May live a pleasant and a happy life;
By their examples a' their neibers may
Turn good and virtuous, ev'n as well as they.

WILLIE.

I trow fae lad; 'twou'd be nae little strife
Wou'd gar ye now forsake a married life:
Ye wou'dna quit your Babie good and fair,
For a' the pleasures of a batcheler.

DEAVY.

Nor wou'd ye part wi' Annie's lovely eyes
For a' the wealth that in the Indies lyes.
But, WILLIE, see the sun goes out o' sight,
And easter shades now usher in the night:
On our young lambs the dew fa's wet and cauld,
Let's wear them fastly to the ev'ning fauld.
Adieu dear COLIN, WILLIE; baith adieu;
We'll meet the morn, and a' our sangs renew.

WILLIE.

What think ye COLIN? DEAVY, lad, what cheer
Can we expect to hae around the year,
When the first day our flocks the fields adorn
Insensibly we to an end have worn?

COLLIN.

Adieu dear WILLIE, DEAVY lad adieu;
Babie and Annie will think lang for you:
Let's part the night; and meet again the morn,
And sing the blythsome spring and Sol's return.

VENUS' JOURNEY.

A POEM inscribed to Mr. OGILVIE
of INCHMARTINE, on his Marriage.

YE rural muses, touch my tuneless lyre
And with new fancy all my song inspire :
Give numbers unconstrain'd in ev'ry line ;
May all the poem, like its subject, shine.

A fertile plain where Neptune reign'd of old,
And mighty tides with furious winds were roll'd ;
In midst of which an island rear'd its brow,
That all old oceans force could ne'er subdue :
The nat'ral ash, with shady beeches spread
Around the place, and form'd a rural shade :
The Graces there for cool repose retir'd,
And Flora spread her garland on the swaird :
The Choirsters, that charm the month of May,
Then sung their matins in the midst of Tay.

MARTIN a saint, searching for solitude,
View'd from an height, amidst the raging flood,
That paradise by nature only fram'd,
Fix'd there his cell, and it INCHMARTINE nam'd.

The growing tides this saint did so affright,
He utter'd this complaint upon the height :

“ Here nat'ral beauties deck the place all round ;
But ah ! me fears one night I may be drown'd.
Ye pow'rs divine, that Jordan's waves withstood
Till thine own people marched thro' the flood,
Command this torrent, this proud threatening stream,
To turn aside, or make its force more lame ;
That unsurpris'd I in this place may live,
And ev'ry morning thee due homage give.”

Thus

Thus said, he to his nightly haunt return'd,
 And all the night with such complaints he mourn'd;
 Still praying, that the waves might not invade
 And overwhelm him in his silent bed:
 Till near the dawn, amidst the roaring deep,
 The sounding billows lull'd him fast asleep.
 Æolus the while wrought with the flowing tide,
 And beat with violence on the Southern side;
 That rais'd a gulph sufficient to receive
 The rapid Tay, and each ascending wave:
 So that the place, where billows us'd to rore,
 Is cover'd now with yellow harvests o'er
 The lonely cave is now a stately dome:
 Pomona claims the barren ash's room,
 Whom curiously, where nature play'd her part,
 Are beautified and polished by art,
 The tulips, lilies, and the damask rose,
 Instead of cowslips and wild dazies, grows.
 INCHMARTINE now a safe retreat remains,
 And Ceres loads her bounty on the plains;
 In peaceful dust the holy hermit lyes
 Succeeded by the ancient OGILVIES.

Hymen, reviv'd with summer's fragrant scene,
 Repairs to visit the fair Paphian queen;
 Applies her softly that she would engage
 A pleasure journey with her equipage,
 To view dame nature in her richest dress,
 And see the swains their lovely nymphs caress.

The humble goddess, with a smile reply'd,
 "Where would ye, sir, this journey should be try'd?"

Then gratefully the old enamour'd god
 Bow'd to the goddess with an aged nod:
 Please venture North saint MARTIN's isle to view,
 Where fair Alexis we may soon subdue;
 Who mourns impatient on the banks of Tay,
 And knows no reason why he pines away.

Then

Then arming Cupid with new shields and darts,
Prov'd armour for the most obdurate hearts;
Equip'd for journey, all the godlike train
Stood mounted on the wide extended plain.
From off her chariot the bright goddess cry'd,
" My son approach, come even to my side :
Sweet darling beauty, comfort of my heart,
To you my great designs I must impart :
I cannot call you disobedient son,
Since my commands you never left undone,
With as much haste as ever you was sent ;
And wedded beauty to the life go pent,
And underneath the fair and lovely scheme
Write ROTHMAY and OGILVIE's fair name,
And on the crest your double golden dart
Piercing the centre of Alexis' heart."

Soon as the goddess ended her commands,
The artful Cupid ply'd his nimble hands :
This piece of sculpture, rare and richly wrought,
He finished, and to his mother brought.

Then with seraphick speed they wing'd their way
Thro' orient clouds of the approaching day :
By that the sun had made the morning smile,
The train alighted in the beauteous isle.
Alexis fair, half walking, half asleep,
Confus'd with thinking, fetch'd a sigh so deep,
That made the place to echo with the groan ;
And yet the cause was still to him unknown :
At last look'd up, with new transport espied
Cupid's performance, and with rapture cry'd,
" Ye unseen pow'rs explain the artful draught,
And from this labyrinth wind out my thought."
At last the opticks of his sight were stay'd,
Fixing his eyes, the writing he survey'd ;
Wond'ring again, he view'd the lovely scheme
From ROTHMAY and OGILVIE's fair name ;

He

He gather'd streight he knew the lovely prize,
And where the treasure, hid before, now lies.

New vigour started in each nerve and vein,
And vapours vanish'd from his love-sick-brain :
Fir'd with the object, he the object knew,
With fond ambition from his bed he flew ;
Call'd for the strongest and the swiftest steed,
That he might fly, if possible, for speed ;
Whereon he mounted, pray'd his stars to guide
His bended course towards the lovely bride.

With boundless speed the fiery courser flies
Along the plain towards the lovely prize,
Where Cupid long before Alexis came,
Had fir'd the fair with new uncommon flame :
Their sev'ral breasts with equal fervour glows,
Their sentiments both fondly would disclose ;
A thousand blushes seiz'd the tender youth,
While he essay'd to open his fair mouth ;
Thousands of fears surpriz'd the fair one's heart,
Till he could utter or his love impart.
Coutage at last o'er bashfulness made way,
Both strove in love each other to outvie.
What joys, what transport, each by turns did feel
The thousand part no mortal can reveal.
Hymen relenting crown'd these lovers bliss ;
Their hearts their hands join'd with a nuptial kiss :
Each adding fuel to another's flames ;
Each who loves most th'ascendant ever claims.
Unwearied love, unwasted flames, be thou
The dear attendants on the wedlock vow !
Let these sweet pair retain love's youthful fire
A Nestor's age, and then with love expire !
Their souls unite, like two dear lovers, fly
To endless bliss, to love eternally ;
While their bright offspring as the phoenix race
Shall honour in their turns the age and place !

On Mrs. OGILVIE's Chariot Wheel sinking on the Brink of the River *Spey*.

BRIGHT as Aurora on sweet May,
When she her beauties all display,
Excited by the pow'r of love,
Clarinda in her chariot drove :
Secure she thought and nought dismay'd ;
On either hand a beauteous maid,
Whose sweet angelick form and shew
All Cupid's art seem'd to outdo.

As the swift chariot sweep'd along,
Each charm attract'd the gazing throng :
So that each swain, as thunder-struck,
Stood gazing on the empty track.
While the fierce steeds with speed made way,
Along the rapid river *Spey*,
Thoughtless of harm, the prospect drew
The fair one's eye's abroad to view
The river in its rolling pride,
And pleasant lankships on each side.

But winter storms and summer spates,
That brooks and rivers bounds dilates,
Had undermin'd the bounding brae
Of this same ancient river *Spey* :
The surface hung impending o'er
The oozy deep along the shore.
So when Clarinda, in her coach,
Too near the confines did approach,
The ground deceitful sunk, and stay'd
The chariot wheel : She frighted cry'd,
" Is there no human helper nigh
Before we perish here and dy ? "

Puffilus, a Dutch captain, rode
There mounted like a demi-god :

Yet stupidly he stood afar,
Like a doom'd-pannel at the bar,
And heeded not Clarinda's cries,
Nor chrystal drops run from her eyes ;
'Tho' he profess'd a man of war,
Deign'd not to help th' affrighted fair.

At greater distance than Puffilus
A young knight, stout as bold Achilles,
Who acted true knight errantry,
Like lightning flew for her supply.
Not like Don Quixote's vap'rish notions,
That push'd him on to frantick motions :
Nor was his steed like Rosinant,
Nor hunger-bitten, tir'd or faint ;
Nor did he want a spur and whip
To make his light foot courser trip
Towards Clarinda, thus distress'd,
Whose looks her gratitude express'd.
New joys sprung up in midst of fears,
And drain'd her rapid flood of tears :
As sun beams after show'rs of rain
Shine brightly o'er the moistned plain ;
So she sweet innocence display'd,
When he with expedition cry'd,
" Come fair Clarinda to my arms,
Secure from danger hurt or harms ;
Come lovely maids, come safe ashore,
The threatening aspect dread no more."

By lucky chance an aged tree
Had stood time out of memorie,
Whose interweaving roots extended
Some distance round the place, defended
From falling in the mighty deep,
Where mermaids dance and dolphins creep,
Until the bold and courteous knight
Rescu'd Clarinda in her fright.

Long may its branches bud and spring,
And on its boughs birds ever sing !
Thou blest supporter of the fair,
The scent of bays and laurels wear
Still fresh and green around the year ;
And all its kind where'er they be
Be nam'd for ever Venus' tree !

And honest Meg of country breeding,
Fond her fortune to be reading,
May, as to some divinitie,
Apply this consecrated tree ;
Who'l like an oracle proclaim
Her lover's residence and name ;
The colour of his hair, and trade,
Shall in a trice be all display'd.

Ev'n Willie, when he cannot gain
His mistress for affect'd disdain,
May to the wood next morn repair,
Invoke the tree by earnest pray'r ;
Thrice round it run, its branches kiss ;
Syn utter such a charm as this,

*By Juno's charms,
And Cupid's arms,
I conjure thee impart,
And ease my flame
For that fair dame
The empress of my heart :*

*Tell me if I
From her may fly,
Or once again renew
My wonted art
To gain her heart,
And her disdain pursue.*

To the Right Honourable the Lord
KINNAIRD, on his commencing Ma-
ster of Masons, &c.

HAIL noble patron of true Masonry,
Fame's temple builder to posterity !
Fresh in records shall be your noble name,
Ingrav'd on pillars of immortal fame.

Destin'd by heav'n that myst'ry to revive
With fresher glory in the place to live :
Sure fervent love to ancient rules and laws
Made you thus honour and support the cause.

This secret grand, by kings rever'd of old,
Unpurchas'd still for Lydian piles of gold,
Now by your care in its full glory stands,
And mocks the blow of sacrilegious hands :
Despises sounds and dreadful shocks of war,
The storms of time, and tempests from afar.

Thus all true Masons, unconstrain'd, will own
When your proceedings are to them made known ;
All in the sphere of Masonry that move,
With loud applause, your conduct shall approve.

This lodge reviv'd, and by your love allur'd
By wholesome rules, judiciously secur'd
To after ages ; those unborn shall praise
The undertaking in more lofty lays.
Antiquity, with all its glorious fame,
Shall be transmitted in your noble name :
While fame exists, yea, and shall still be shown
What CHARLES LORD KINNAIRD has done alone,
To rectify and to confirm what all
Accepted brothers sam'd or valu'd call.

KING SOLOMON'S

B O O K

O F

ECCLESIASTES

I N M E T R E .

In this book he convinceth of the vanity of the world,
and the foolishness of men : He shews that there is nothing
better than to fear God, and to keep his commandments :
And he maintains that there shall be a future judgment.
He wrote this book after his falling from God, in token of
his true repentance,

*Virtues are several paths which lead to heaven ;
And they who tread those paths have graces given :
Repentant tears alloy the dust of pride,
And pious sighs doth blow vain thoughts aside.*

V E R S I F I E D B Y

A L E X A N D E R N I C O L

Teacher of English at COLLAGE.

ON THE BOOK,

KING SOLOMON here, in this book, doth shew
 What by experience he fully knew :
 Well might he say, That all was vanity ;
 He found it so in truth and verity.

For having riches, pow'r and wisdom too,
 T' accomplish what he had a mind to do,
 He gave free scope to all his appetites,
 And try'd all manner of this world's delights ;
 Till, drown'd in pleasures, he forgot his God,
 Who with his bounty did him so much load,
 That none more rich, and none more wise, than he,
 Yet all employ'd pursuing vanitie.

But God by grace at last did let him see,
 That all he sought was empty vanitie ;
 That all amusements, pleasures, and each thing
 Could here be found, behind them leave a sting ;
 And but short liv'd at longest he did find,
 And as uncertain as the fleeting wind ;
 And that, for these short vanities, he must
 In a short time return again to dust,
 His soul to God to get a sentence due,
 And lasting doom for all he did pursue.

Reflecting thus, he did repent and grieve,
 And pray'd that God would his sad state relieve ;
 Renounc'd each carnal and each vain delight,
 And set himself this little book to write,
 That others might escape these rocks whereon
 He split himself, when he was dead and gone.

ALEX. NICOL.

COLLAGE, March 6th 1749.

SOLOMON'S Book of *Ecclesiastes* in Verse.

C H A P. I.

THESSE words the preacher, DAVID's son and heir,
When king in SALEM, wisely did declare.

2 Vanity of vanities said he;

Behold all is nought else but vanitie.

3 What profit can a man propose to have
Of all his labour on this side the grave?

4 One generation passeth hence away,
Another comes; but still the earth doth stay.

5 The sun ariseth, also downward goes,
And hastes to where he at the first arose.

6 The wind it goes toward the South, and then
It turns about unto the North again:
Continually it whirls in circuits round,
And knows no limits, nor restraint of bound.

7 All rivers run into the sea, yet we
No fuller can perceive the same to be:
From whence the rivers at the first do flow,
Thither again they nat'rally do go.

8 All things we see are full of labour; so
Man cannot utter or their labour know:
The eye is not with seeing satisfied,
Nor yet the ear with hearing over tir'd.

9 The thing that's been, is that which yet shall be;
And what is done, we done again may see:
And there is nothing any man can shew,
Below the sun, that can be called New.

10 Is there a thing whereof it may be said,
See this is new and never being had?
Yea, it hath been long time before us sure,
When our hid substance lay in earth obscure.

11 There's

11 There's no remembrance of what's past and gone,
Nor after-ages mind what we have done.

12 ¶ Now I the preacher was in SALEM king,
And over ISRAEL with pow'r did reign.

13 I gave myself by wisdom to search out
All things done under heaven round about ;
This travel fore GOD gives the sons of men,
Therewith to exercise themselves in pain.

14 Yea I have seen all works below the sun ;
And lo, they all are vanity when done.

15 That which is crooked straight we cannot see,
And what is wanting cannot numb'ed be.

16 With mine own heart I commun'd as I fate :
Lo, now, thought I, I'm come to great estate :
I've got more wisdom, sure, than all of them
That were before me in JERUSALEM ;
Of wisdom I had great experience,
And I for knowledge us'd great diligence.

17 Wisdom to know I gave myself once wholly :
Also to know what madness was and folly :
And I perceiv'd nothing but grief of spirit
A man by these can any ways inherit :

18 For in much wisdom is much grief ; and he
That gets much knowledge, many sorrows see,

C H A P. II.

I Bade my heart prove mirth and pleasure ; they
I also found but empty vanity.

2 I said of laughter, Surely it is madness ;
And what doth mirth but fills the mind with sadness ?

3 With wine I sought to cheer my heart ; but, when
I thought on wisdom, this was also vain ;
Folly I try'd, to see what's good for men
To do on earth, while they alive remain.

4 Great works I made, and built me houses great,
And planted vineyards at a costly rate :

5 Gardens I made, and orchards to my mind,
And fruit trees planted therein of each kind :

6 I made me pools for wat'ring nurseries,
That bringeth forth the young and tender trees :

7 I got me servants, yea, and maidens fair,
And in my house too servants born were :

I had great store of cattle great and small,
Exceeding far my predecessors all :

8 I gath'ed silver, gold, and ev'ry thing
That proper were for princes or a king :
I got me fingers and delightful sports,
With instrumental musick of all sorts.

9 So I was great, increas'd above all them
That were before me in JERUSALEM ;
Also my wisdom did with me remain.

10 Mine eyes desire I never did restrain ;
I ne'er withheld my heart from any joys,
And in my labours greatly did rejoice :
This was the portion of my labours all,
That unto me of all these did befall :

11 I look'd on all the works my hands had wrought,
And on the labours my inventions sought ;
And lo, I found them trifling vanitie
And sore vexation of my soul to be :
There was no profit in ought I had done,
Nor satisfaction here below the sun.

12 I turn'd myself sage wisdom to behold ;
With madness too, and folly, I made bold :
What can the man do that comes after me ?
Ev'n what is done, surely no more can he.

13 Then did I see that wisdom did excel
Folly, as far as heaven itself does hell.

14 The wise man's eyes are in his head ; but lo,
The fool in paths of darkness on doth go :

And

And I myself perceiv'd, that unto all
One event still, for the most part, doth fall.

15 Then did I say, Why should I wiser be
Than is the fool? for now I plainly see
One event hap'neth both to him and me;
Then said I thereby this is vanitie.

16 For there's no more remembrance of the wise
Than of the fool: in death all hidden lyes:
That which is now shall all forgotten be;
And as the fool, doth not the wise man, die?

17 Therefore I even hated life, because
The work I did unto me grievous was:
For surely all is empty vanitie,
And sore vexation of the spirit be.

18 ¶ I hated all the labours I had done,
And my inventions here below the sun;
Because that he who shall come after me
Shall in short time thereof possessor be.

19 And who knows whether he'll be wise or fool?
Yet he o'er all my labours shall have rule,
Wherein I labour'd, and my wisdom shown:
This is a vanity below the sun.

20 Then did I seek to cause my heart despair
Of all the works whereof my heart took care.

21 For there's a man hath wisdom to invent,
And knowledge to work out his whole intent;
In equity he deals with all mankind:
Yet must he leave his labours all behind,
Unto a man that ne'er employ'd a thought
T'accomplish them, nor therein ever wrought:
This surely is a sordid vanity,
And also a great evil certainly.

22 For what hath man of all his labours done
And heart's vexation here below the sun?

23 For all his days are sorrows, travel, grief;
Yea, all he doth can yield him no relief.

When

When as at night his heart can take no rest :

This is a vanity, and not the least.

24 ¶ There's nothing better for a man, I think,
Than that he should with pleasure eat and drink ;
And let his soul enjoy the happiness
Of all he does, and all he doth possess :
But this I saw to mortals certainly
Came from the lib'ral hand of the Most High.

25 For who can eat his soul to satisfy,
Or who can hasten thereto more than I ?

26 For GOD gives still to good men in his sight
Wisdom and knowledge, joy and hearts delight :
But to the wicked travel, toil and pain ;
GOD gives that they may wealth and riches gain,
That he may giv't to good men in his sight.
This is a vain vexation of the sp'rit.

C H A P. III.

TO ev'ry thing a season is assign'd,
Time to each purpose under heav'n design'd :

2 Time to be born, and eke a time to die ;
A time to plant, and time to pluck there be :

3 A time to kill, a time to heal ; also
A time to build, a time to overthrow :

4 A time to weep, a time to laugh may chance ;
A time to mourn, a time also to dance :

5 A time there is to gather stones full fast,
A time also the same away to cast ;

Time to embrace another, time again
When from embracing we must needs refrain :

6 A time to get, a time to lose ; there may
Be time to keep, and time to cast away :

7 A time to rent, a time to sew ; and eke
A time of silence, and a time to speak :

8 A time to love, a time to hate may be ;
A time of war, a time of peace, we see.

9 What profit hath his labours to him brought,
Wherein he oft so eagerly hath wrought ?

10 I've seen the travel God hath given to men,
To exercise them constantly therein :

11 He in his time made all things beautiful,
And in their heart he makes the world to rule :
So that no man the work of God can find
Out from beginning thereof to the end.

12 In them I know there is no good to choice,
Save man through life do good, and so rejoice :

13 And that each man should eat, drink, and enjoy
The good of all wherein he doth employ
His hands or mind at home, or yet abroad ;
And this for certain is the gift of God.

14 Whate'er God doth, I know for certainty
Shall be for ever to eternity :
Nought thereto can be added, neither can
Ought therefrom be diminished by man :
And what God doth, he doth it that men may
Fear constantly before him night and day.

15 What's been, is now ; and that which is to be,
Hath been ; and God requires what's past we see.

16 ¶ Yea, and I saw below the sun the place
Of judgment just, that there was wickedness :
Who to the place of righteousness repair,
Will shortly see iniquity is there.

17 I in my heart said, God shall surely be
Judge both of good and bad of all degree :
For there's a time for ev'ry work assign'd,
And for each purpose by our God ordain'd.

18 I in my heart perceiv'd the state of men,
And wish'd that God might manifest them plain ;
And that they may perceive, and clearly see
That they are beasts, and thereby humbled be.

19 For

19 For what befalls the sons of men, likewise
Befalleth beasts, and so alike both dies :
They've all one breath ; man hath no pre'm'nency
Above a beast, for all is vanity.

20 Into one place all go, both beasts and men :
For dust they are ; to dust they turn again.

21 Who knows man's spirit that doth upward go ;
The sp'rits of beasts descend to earth below ?

22 There's nothing better in this world ; I see,
Than that a man rejoice and merry be
In his own works ; for that's his portion sure :
What follows him there's none can him assure.

C H A P. IV,

SO I return'd, consid'ed all oppressions
Done here below, which are beyond expressions :
And lo, the tears of such oppressed ones,
Without comforters, utt'ed grievous groans ;
And on the side of their oppressors were
Pow'r (but, poor souls !) they had no comforter.

2 Wherefore I prais'd the dead, already dead,
Far more than he that liveth in his stead.

3 Yea better far is he that hath not been,
Than dead and living ; for he hath not seen
The evil work that here below the sun
By sons of mens so frequently is done,

4 ¶ Again, all travel I considered,
And each right work, for which a man's envy'd
Ev'n of his neighbour : this is vanity,
And sore vexation of the mind, surely.

5 The fool together folds his hands afresh,
And by his sloth he eateth his own flesh.

6 Better's an handful, with a quiet possession ;
Than both hands full, with travel and vexation.

7 ¶ Then

7 ¶ Then on reflection I did plainly see
Below the sun another vanitie :

8 There's one alone, and there is not another ;
Yea, and he hath not either child or brother ;
Yet endless toil his carnal heart bewitches,
So that he's never satisfied with riches ;
Neither saith he, For whom now do I save
My riches, and my soul of good bereave ?
This also is a vanity ; yea more,
It is a travel, and a toil full sore.

9 ¶ Two better are than one, because they have
A good reward for labour to receive.

10 For if they fall, the one will make a shift,
And strive his fellow up again to lift :
But wo to him that is alone when he
Shall fall ; hath none that will his helper be.

11 Again, if two together ly, anon
They've heat ; but how can one be warm alone ?

12 And if one shall prevail against him, two
Shall him withstand, and likely overthrow ;
A threefold cord will not so quickly break,
As one that's single, certainly more weak.

13 ¶ A poor wise child is better far, than he
That's old and foolish, tho' a king he be,
Who to no admonition will agree.

14 From out of prison one may raised be
To rule and reign in royal dignitie ;
Whereas one born in his own kingdom, may
Be rend'ed poor, and subject-like obey.

15 I then consid'ed all the living which
Walk under heav'n, yea, both the poor and rich ;
The second child, when as a man is dead,
That after him shall stand up in his stead.

16 There is no end of all the people seen
Even of all before them that have been ;

Those

Those that come after in him shall not joy.
This also is a vexing vanity.

C H A P. V.

WHEN to GOD's house thou goest, then be sure
To keep thy foot; and be more apt to hear,
Than to present the sacrifice of fools,
For they ne'er mind that they transgress his rules.

2 Be thou not rash nor hasty in thine heart,
To let ought from thy sinful lips depart
Before the LORD; for GOD's in heav'n, and thou
Art on the earth; so let thy words be few.

3 A dream comes through a train of business,
And fools are known by words too numerous.

4 When thou shalt vow a vow to GOD, take care
To pay the same, and do not it defer:
For he in fools no pleasure sure can take;
Pay then thy vow, and venture not to break.

5 'Tis better far in vowing to delay,
Than one should vow, and then neglect to pay.

6 Let not thy mouth entice thy flesh to sin,
Nor angels see an error thou art in:
Wherefore should GOD be angry at thy voice,
And spoil the work wherein thou mayst rejoice?

7 In dreams and words are vanities right odd:
But shun them all, and only fear thou GOD.

8 ¶ If thou the poor oppressed sore dost see,
Though in a land judgment and justice be
Most violently perverted, think't not strange,
For the Most High will recompence revenge.

9 ¶ All share the profits that the earth do yield;
The king himself is served by the field.

10 He that loves silver to excess, shall see
That he therewith shall ne'er contented be;

Nor

Nor he that loves abundance with increase :
This also is a vanity no less.

11 When goods increase, their eaters multiply,
Their owner only sees them with his eye.

12 The lab'ring man most sweetly takes repose ;
No discontent in wealth or pen'ry knows :
Whereas the fulness of the rich doth keep,
With anxious cares, their drowsy eyes from sleep.

13 There's a fore evil I've seen here below,
Riches kept for the owners overthrow.

14 But these same riches, by mismanagement,
For certain perish, and are quickly spent :
His son, that after in his stead should stand,
Is naked born with nothing in his hand.

15 As he at first came from his mother's womb,
Just as he came so he'll go to his tomb :
Nought of his labours he can bear away
When his dead corpse shall mingle with the clay.

16 This also is an evil sore, that he
In all points goes as first he came to be.
What profit hath he ? what can please his mind ?
When he hath labour'd for the empty wind.

17 For all his days in darkness he shall eat,
And have much sorrows, wrath, and sickness great.

18 ¶ Behold that which I heretofore have seen
Is good and comely, and hath ever been,
Ev'n that a man should eat, drink, and enjoy
The good for which his hands he did employ
All his life days, which here below the sun
God gives to him ; for 'tis his portion.

19 Each man to whom God gives abundant wealth,
And pow'r to eat, with competent good health,
And takes his portion with a joyful heart ;
This is a gift God doth to him impart.

20 For he'll not much remember his life days ;
Because God grants him joy in all his ways.

C H A P. VI.

THERE is an evil I have often seen
Below the sun, that common is to men :

2 A man whom God gives honour wealth and ease,
And wants for nothing that his heart might please ;
Yet God denies him pow'r to use the same ;
But strangers thereto right and title claim :
This is a strange and sordid vanitie ;
An ill disease as in the world can be.

3 ¶ If one man should an hundred children have,
And many days, yea many years, should live,
And yet his soul be never fill'd with good,
And have no burial ; may be understood
To be far worse than an untimely birth.

4 For he comes in with vanity, and forth
Again in darkness he departs away,
And fame his name doth in oblivion lay.

5 Moreover he hath never seen the sun,
Nor any thing at all hath ever known :
This hath more rest in dark oblivion's shade,
Than th'other ever in his lifetime had.

6 ¶ Yea, tho' he live a thousand years twice told,
Yet with his eyes did never good behold :
Do not all mortals to one place descend ?
What's made of dust, in dust again must end.

7 Man's labour all is for his mouth ; yet he
His appetite can never satisfie.

8 What hath the wise more than the fool ? what hath
The poor that walk within the living's path ?

9 ¶ The eyes sight's better, tho' it soon expire
Than is the wand'ring of the soul's desire :
This also is a very vanity,
And a vexation of the mind, surely.

10 That which hath been it is already nam'd,
'Tis known that man was by the Highest fram'd :
Therefore he may not once with him contend ;
For he in no ways can himself defend.

11 ¶ Since many things do increase vanity,
What can a man be bettered thereby ?

12 For who is he can tell what's good for man
In this frail life, all his life days so vain,
Which as a shadow he doth spend away ?
For who is he can tell a man what may
Be after him, when he is dead and gone,
Into his stead here underneath the sun ?

C H A P. VII.

A Good name is more preferable far
Than precious ointments, ne'er so costly, are :
So is the day wherein we come to dy
To be prefer'd to our nativity.

2 ¶ The house of mourning, better far go there,
Than to the house of feasting to repair :
For that's the end of all men, when they part ;
Yea, and the living lays it to his heart.

3 Grief better is than laughter certainly ;
For oft the heart is bettered thereby.

4 The wise man's heart the mourners house frequent ;
But fools with mirth are always well content.

5 Better to hear the wise rebukes and rules,
Than for a man to hear the song of fools.

6 As crackling thorns beneath a pot, so be
Fools laughter : this is also vanitie.

7 ¶ Oppression surely makes a wise man mad,
And gifts destroy and makes the heart more bad.

8 Better's the ending of a thing than the
Beginning thereof ; also so is he,

That's

That's patient in his spirit, better far
Than they whose spirits proud and lofty are.

9 Let not thy sp'rit to anger soon make haste;
For passions always in fools bosoms rest.

10 Say thou not what could be the certain cause
The former time than now far better was;
For thou dost not with wisdom thus enquire
Concerning this too curious desire.

11 ¶ Wisdom is good with heritage; and they
That see the sun, are profited thereby.

12 For wisdom is, for certain, a defence;
And so is money in another sense:
But this is wisdom's great excellency,
That who hath knowledge he gets life thereby.

13 The work of God consider, and take heed;
For who'll make straight what he hath crooked made?

14 Be joyful while in your prosperity;
But then, consider in adversity,
That God hath set these two in opposition,
To th' end that man should here find no fruition.

15 All things I've seen, and marked carefully,
In my short life and days of vanity;
The just to perish in his righteousness,
The wicked's life prolong'd in wickedness.

16 Be not too good; thy self too wise not make:
Why shouldst thou spoil thy self for ruin's sake?

17 Be not too wicked; neither foolish be:
Before thy time why shouldst thou love to die?

18 'Tis good that thou shouldst take fast hold of this;
Slip not thine hand thy former hold to miss:
For who fears God, tho' in the greatest thrall,
Shall come triumphant forth out of them all.

19 One man by wisdom stronger is, by far,
Than ten stout men that in the city are.

20 For on the earth there's not a just man's lot,
That ever doth what's good, and sinneth not.

21 Take thou no heed to ev'ry word you hear,
Lest servants chance to curse thee in thine ear.

22 For thou art conscious to thyself thou hast
Oft cursed others, tho' not full expressed.

23 ¶ All this I prov'd by wisdom : said, I'll be
Wife ; but, alas ! it was too far from me.

24 That which is far off, and is very deep,
What man is he can find it out to keep ?

25 I did apply mine heart to search and know,
And seek by wisdom cause of things below ;
To know the folly and the wickedness
Of foolishness, and of most men's madness :

26 And lo ! I find more bitter far than death
The wicked woman's filthy noxious breath ;
Whose heart is snares, yea, and her very hands
Are nets and traps, invincible strong bands :
Who pleaseth God, from her he shall 'scape free ;
But sinners, they by her shall taken be.

27 (The preacher saith) Lo ! this I have found out,
In counting one by one, to solve the doubt :

28 Which yet my soul seeks with all care of mind ;
But, in my search, alas ! I cannot find :
One man among a thousand have I found ;
But not a woman all the world around.

29 Lo ! this I found that God made man upright ;
But man in new inventions takes delight.

C H A P. VIII.

AS the wise man, who can such knowledge bring
For plain interpretation of a thing ?

A man's own wisdom makes his face to shine ;
But time will make his strength and face decline.

2 I counsel thee to keep the king's command,
The oath of God you ought to understand.

3 Make no great haste out of his fight to go ;
Shun evil things, for what he wills he'll do.

4 Where a king's word is, there his pow'r doth shew :
And who can say to him, Sir, what dost thou ?

5 Whoe'er he be keeps the commandement,
No evil thing shall cause his discontent :
A wise man's heart will easily discern,
And also time and judgment both will learn.

6 ¶ Since to each purpose time and judgment be ;
Therefore sure great is mortals miserie.

7 For he knows nothing of futuritie :
For who can tell him when, or how, 'twill be ?

8 No man hath pow'r the spirit to retain ;
Nor hath he pow'r from dying to refrain :
There's no discharge of that warfare ; nor can
A wicked life preserve a wicked man.

9 All this I've seen ; and did my heart apply
To ev'ry work done here beneath the sky :
There is a time wherein a man doth bear
Rule over others, to his hurt full dear.

10 And so I saw the wicked buried, who
Did from the church oft times both come and go ;
And in the city quite forgot were they,
Where they so did : this is a vanity.

11 Because against an evil work sentence
Doth not on sinners presently commence ;
Therefore the hearts of mortal men are still
Set in them always fully to do ill.

12 ¶ Altho' a sinner should an hundred times
Prolong his days, and multiply his crimes ;
Yet sure I am it shall be well with them
That fear the LORD, and reverence his name ;

13 But with the wicked well it shall not be,
Nor yet protract his lease of life shall he ;
For as a shadow hath he here abode ;
For why ? because he never feareth God.

14 Here

14 Here on the earth is done a vanitie:
The just mens lot like wicked workers be,
The wicked's lot as they wrought righteously;
I said this also is a vanity.

15 Then I commended mirth; because a man
Hath nothing better here below the sun,
Than that he eat, and drink, and merry be
For that abides of all his industrie,
With him the days of his frail life alone,
Which God doth give him here below the sun.

16 ¶ Wisdom when I applied mine heart to know,
To see the bus'ness done on earth below;
(For there is that yea neither day nor night
Lets sleep once dim the opticks of his sight)

17 Then I beheld the work of God, that none
Can find out what is wrought below the sun:
Because tho' man should labour seeking it,
Yea though a wise man should employ his wit,
Thinking to know it; yet he grasps the wind,
And never shall attain the same to find.

C H A P. IX.

FOR all this I consider'd in my heart,
Yea ev'n all this inclining to impart,
That both the righteous' works, yea, and the wise
Are in God's hand, at his disposal lyes:
No man can fully love or hatred know
By all that is before them here below.

2 All things alike come unto all, we see:
One event to the just and wicked be;
To good, and clean, and the unclean likewise;
To him that doth, or doth not sacrifice:
As is the good so is the sinner; both
That sweareth, yea, and he that fears an oath.

3 This is an evil 'mong all things that's done
Under the sun, that there is only one
Event to all ; yea, and mens hearts are still
Of evil, yea, and madness ever full,
While here on earth they do enjoy their breath ;
And after that, they go down unto death.

4 ¶ For unto him, for certain, that is join'd,
To all the living there is hope we find :
For sure a dog that lives, is useful more
Than a dead lion that had wont to roar.

5 For sure the living know that they shall dy ;
But those that dead are know nought certainly ;
Nor any more have they reward or lot ;
The memory of them is quite forgot.

6 Also their love, their hatred and envy,
Are perished ; nor any more have they
A portion here of any thing that's done,
Upon this stage, below the nat'ral sun.

7 ¶ Go, eat thy bread, and drink thy wine with joy ;
For God accepts thy works, and thine employ.

8 Thy garments always white and clean sure make,
And let thy head no useful ointment lack.

9 Live with the wife thou lovest joyfully,
All the life days of thy short vanity
Which he allows thee here below the sun,
Till thy few days of vanity is run ;
For that's thy portion in this life, you know,
And in thy labour thou tak'st here below.

10 Whate'er thy hand doth find to do, always
Do with thy might ; for there is no device,
Nor knowledge, work, nor wisdom, in the grave
In which e'er long thou must a lodging have.

11 ¶ Then I return'd, and saw below the sun,
The race is not to them that swiftest run ;
Nor is the battle to the strongest side ;
Nor to the wise is there continual bread ;

Nor

Nor yet is riches always in the hand
Of prudent men, that well can understand;
Nor yet is favour ay to men of skill:
But time and chance still happen to them all.

12 An evil man that sticks not at a crime,
He's not aware, nor knows the evil time:
As fishes caught are in an evil net,
And birds are trapt by snares in secret set;
So are mens sons snar'd in an evil time,
When suddenly it falleth upon them.

13 ¶ Below the sun this wisdom did I see,
And it seem'd great and very strange to me.

14 There was a city, and few men within;
And a great king to siege it did begin,
And round it built great bulwarks, and did raise
Great batteries to take it with more ease.

15 Now there was found in it a poor wise man,
And by his wisdom he to work began,
And free'd the city; yet no man did mind
The same poor man, unto him to be kind.

16 Then did I say, Wisdom is better far
Than the great strength of mighty mortals are:
But yet the poor man's wisdom few regard;
Yea, and his words are very seldom heard.

17 The wise man's words are heard in quiet more,
Than the fool's rulers, tho' aloud he roar.

18 Wisdom is better far than weapons choice:
But sure one sinner he much good destroys.

C H A P. X.

WHEN flies among the surgeon's ointment sink,
It causeth it send forth a noisom stink;
So little follies, obvious in the wise,
Will make the mob their wisdom soon despise.

2 A wise man's heart is at his right-hand ay ;
But the fool's heart doth at his left-hand stay.

3 Yea also, when a fool doth walk abroad,
His wisdom fails him on the very road ;
He acts and speaks without concert or rule,
And tells to all he meets that he's a fool.

4 If rulers spirits up against thee rise,
Leave not thy place as one that guilty flies ;
For yielding great offences pacifies :

5 Below the sun an evil I have seen,
Come from the ruler as an error keen :

6 Folly set in great dignity and trust,
The rich and wise in lowest places thrust :

7 I have seen servants on high horses ride,
And princes walking on the earth beside.

8 Who digs a pit, himself shall fall in it ;
Who breaks an hedge, a serpent shall him bite.

9 He may be hurt, that stones removes ; likely
Who cleaveth wood, in danger is thereby.

10 If th' ax be blunt, and he be not expert
To sharp the edge, more strength he must exert :
But wise men will not means of ease neglect ;
For wisdom's useful therein to direct.

11 The serpent will without enchantment bite ;
So babblers will in talking take delight.

12 The wise man's words, that come out from his mouth,
Are gracious words, yea words of precious truth ;
But the fool's lips, poor senseless silly elf !
So froward are, they'll swallow up himself.

13 For he begins his words with foolishness,
And ends the same in mad mischievousness.

14 A fool is also full of words : surelie
Man cannot tell what afterward shall be ;
And who is he for certain can proclaim
To any man what shall be after him ?

The foolish' labour weariness doth prove
For each of them; because if he remove
Abroad (poor wretch!) he's not so wise, or witty,
To find the way again into the city.

16 ¶ Wo be to thee, O land! thy state is wild,
Whenas thy king is but a minor child;
And when thy princes, be they ne'er so great,
Do in the morning too too early eat.

17 But blessed art thou, O thou happy land!
When doth the son of nobles thee command,
And when thy princes in due season eat
For strength, not drunkenness, which spoils the state.

18 ¶ By slothfulness the building soon decays;
By idleness the house drops thro' likewise.

19 ¶ Feasts are for laughter, wine doth merry make;
But money answers all we undertake.

20 ¶ Curse not the king, yea, no not in thy thought,
Nor in thy closet curse the rich for ought:
Birds of the air thy voice shall sure reveal,
And what hath wings the matter clear shall tell.

C H A P. XI.

TH Y bread cast on the waters diff'rent ways,
And thou shalt find it after many days.

2 To seven and eight a portion give; for thou
Know'st not what ill shall be on earth below.

3 If that the clouds be full of rain, they will
Empty themselves, and on the earth distil:
And if the tree fall South or North; ev'n where
The tree shall fall, it surely shall be there.

4 Who foolishly observes the wind, or who
Regards the clouds, shall neither reap nor sow.

5 As thou knows not which way the spirits come,
Nor how the bones engender in the womb
Of her with child; so canst thou never know
The works of God, that maketh all things grow.

6 Then

6 Then in the morning sow thy seed ; and when
The ev'ning comes, thy sowing not refrain :
For sure thou know'st not whether that or this
Shall prosper well, or both alike increase.

7 ¶ 'Tis truly sweet and pleasant for the eye
To see the light and sun-shine from on high.

8 But if a man live many years, and shall
Take much delight, rejoicing in them all ;
Yet let him mind the days of darkness, they
Shall many be, and all in vanity.

9 ¶ Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth ; and let
Thy youthful days on cheerfulness be set :
Walk in the ways which thine own heart devise,
And after what is pleasing to thine eyes :
But know thou, surely God for ev'ry thing
Will thee one day unto his judgment bring.

10 Therefore remove all sorrow from thine heart,
And cause all evil from thy flesh depart :
For all may know this for a certainty,
Childhood and youth are surely vanity.

C H A P. XII.

REMEMBER now thy Great Creator, while
The bloom of youth upon thy cheeks doth smile ;
While ill days come not, nor the years draw near,
When thou shalt say, I have no pleasure here ;

2 While sun, light, moon, nor stars, not darkned be,
Nor clouds returning after rain you see :

3 In that sad day, when the house-keepers shall
Tremble, and strong men bowing down shall fall,
The grinders cease because they are but few,
And lookers from the windows lose their view.

4 The doors shall in the streets be shut, also
The sound of grinding turned very low ;
And he shall rise up at the birds small voice,
And all the daughters of the musick cease :

T

5 When

5 When they shall be afraid of what is high,
 Fears in the way appearing ever nigh;
 The almond-tree shall flourish fair above,
 The grasshopper shall then a burden prove;
 Desire shall fail, because that man must go
 To his long home, and mourners walk in wo:

6 Or e'er the cord of silver loosed be,
 Or golden bowl be broken, or you see
 The pitcher broken by the fountain side,
 Or wheel asunder at the cistern slide.

7 Then shall the dust to earth again descend,
 Just as it was, like to its like still tend;
 The spirit upward, as a spark, shall fly
 To God, who gave it, where he is on high.

8 ¶ Vanity of vanities we see:
 The preacher saith, All is mere vanitie.

9 Likewise, because the preacher was most wise,
 He knowledge taught the people all his days;
 He gave good heed, sought out what he could get,
 And many proverbs he in order set.

10 The preacher sought out words, both plain and smooth;
 And what he wrote was upright words of truth.

11 Words of the wise as goads and nails they are,
 Fastned by masters of assemblies care,
 Which from one shepherd freely given were. }

12 Further, my son, by these admonish'd be
 Of making books there is no end you see;
 And too much study is a weariness,
 And very irksome, unto human flesh.

13 ¶ Let's hear the whole conclusion of the matter,
 Of all that can be said by word or letter:
 Fear God and keep all his commands; for this
 Man's duty wholly and entirely is.

14 For God to judgment ev'ry work shall bring,
 Together also with each secret thing;
 Yea, whether it be good or bad, one day
 In publick manner he will open lay.



THE
CHILD'S COMPANION;
IN
A NATURAL DIALOGUE
BETWIXT
A CHILD and ONE OF RIPER YEARS:

Useful for young Ones.

T O
Mr. *WILLIAM NAIRN*,

Grandchild to the Honourable Sir WILLIAM
NAIRN of DUNSINNAN Baronet,

The CHILD's COMPANION

is humbly Dedicated by,

S I R,

Your well-wisher, and

most humble Servant, &c.

Kirk of Collace,
June 8th 1753.

ALEX. NICOL.

To my young Readers.

DEAR child, pray hearken unto me,
And these few verses hear;
For in them you will shortly see
How you the LORD should fear.

Remember thy Creator great,
While in your youth and prime,
While evils come not; lest too late
You mourn the loss of time.

These, and such like, are better far
To store your memorie,
Than smutty idle stories are,
That now too common be.

ALEX. NICOL.

An Advice to Children. By another
Hand.

O Children dear, incline your ear,
And hearken to God's voice :
This counsel take, and that will make
Your parents to rejoice.

Be not like those that grace oppose,
And give their minds to play :
But let thy mind be well inclin'd
In seeking wisdom's way.

Then shalt thou rest with saints most blest,
To all eternity ;
And have the crown of blest renown,
God's name to magnify.

That thou with CHRIST in paradise
For evermore mayst dwell,
This do thou pray, both night and day :
So, children dear, farewell.

The CHILD's COMPANION, &c.

CHILD.

I Pray, Sir, give me leave to ask
Some things I cannot know;
And be so kind, if that you can
All these unto me show.

COMPANION.

Say on, my child; I'll venture on the task;
I love it well to hear young children ask.

CHILD.

How came this world at first to be?
Or, who could reach so far,
As to fix up these heavens above,
The sun, moon, and each star?
Who made the mountains and the hills,
The rivers and the sea?
And whereof can all things be made
That round about us be?
Sure, they have been exceeding strong,
And also very high,
That could perform so great a work,
And reach up to the sky.
And whereupon are all things set?
How can they be upborn?
How runs the sun till it go down?
And how does it return?
Yet, tho' they were strong men, and high,
That all these things have made;
How came they at the first to be?
Sure, they beginning had.

COMP.

C O M P.

My dearest child, those questions you propound
Such in your age to ask are rarely found :

And I am glad to solve you as I can,
In plainest terms, that you may understand.

There is a God who made all things of nought ;
Which may indeed non-plus your tender thought :
But this Great God no man can comprehend,
Who was, and is, and will be without end.
He of his goodness, by his word, made known
To us, that he these mighty works hath done :
That book we call the bible is his word,
In which we have a very true record
Of all things needful for us here to know ;
And 'twill an answer to your questions show.
There he declares, when he but spoke, and said
“ Let all things be,” then all things Being had ;
And that it was his sacred will to take
Six days exactly every thing to make.
Such is his great Almighty Power, that he
Of nothing made all round us that we see :
Sun, moon and stars, he gave command to know
Their nat’ral courses, how and where to go :
And as you wonder whereon all things stand,
My dearest child, you ought to understand,
That the same pow’r, who gave them Beings all,
Supports and holds them that they cannot fall.

C H I L D.

Oh wonderful but God is great !

But yet how can it be,

That no beginning he has had ?

Seems very strange to me.

C O M P.

C O M P.

No wonder, tho' this seem most strange to thee ;
For nat'ral men could ne'er that myst'ry see :
Philosophers, with all their nat'ral light,
Could ne'er conceive the world's beginning right ;
Neither did their conjectures well agree,
For none can know't but by divinitie.

Some thought that all things, at beginning, were
From earth itself ; and other some from air ;
And some from simples, some compounds, would have ;
All thinks at first some numbers did conceive
To be the first beginning of creation ;
And some from atoms fetch their generation,
And some from fire ; others the world to be
In its duration from eternitie.

But God himself hath by his word made known
That He's the great Original alone :
Let this suffice us, since to search him more
Unlawful is ; but let us him adore ;
For if we trace him farther than he hath
Reveal'd himself, and wrought in us by faith,
We lose ourselves in that abyfs of thought,
And our ideas dwindle down to nought.
Let us admire and still adore what we
Can never comprehend, nor fully see ;
And so believe what he to us doth show :
And after death we more of him shall know.

C H I L D.

What means your saying, After death
We more of him shall know ?
Can we have knowledge after death,
When unto dust we go ?

C O M P.

C O M P.

But my dear child, altho' our bodies may
Go to the grave, and into dust decay ;
Yet we have all souls, that can never die
Thro' all the ages of eternitie.

C H I L D.

What is the soul ? what is its shape ?
From whence did it proceed ?
Where goes it when our bodies die,
For ever to abide ?

C O M P.

My child, our souls by God created were,
And came from him into our bodies here :
Its form and shape no mortal man can tell
But, when we die, it goes to heav'n or hell.

C H I L D.

Where are those places, heav'n and hell
To which, you say, they go ?
Or is there in them light and joy,
Or darkness, grief and wo ?

C O M P.

Heav'n is above, and far beyond the sky ;
Light shines in it, and joy eternally :
Hell is beneath, in the profoundest deep ;
And all in it with torment groan and weep.

C H I L D.

C H I L D.

What causes joy in heav'n to be ?
Or what in hell gives pain ?
Or why do souls choose to go there ?
Or, when there, to remain ?

C O M P.

In heav'n all pure, untainted pleasures are ;
For God himself, the chiefest good, is there :
There is his throne which angels bright surround,
With golden harps his praises still they sound ;
There the redeem'd are made both priests and kings,
And still the praise of their REDEEMER sings,
All shining as so many stars of light :
Nor have they any intervals of night ;
Of sun nor moon to shine they have no need,
For from God's glory all their light proceed,
That far surpasses ten thousand times our day,
When Sol shines bright in his meridian ray :
There all that can immortal souls solace
Is to be found in that most blessed place ;
A thousand years is there scarce thought a day,
Such happiness God doth in it display.

But lo ! in hell, Satan and his black crew
Their dreadful groans with torments still renew :
With them the souls of unbelievers go
Down to that place of never-ending woe ;
There, prest with loads of divine wrath, they lie,
For ever dying, yet can never die :
There horror, darkness, and all mischief meet,
To make the miseries of the damn'd compleat :
No way is left how they in peace may be ;
For death still meets them wheresoe'er they flee.

C H I L D.

Who are they that believers are ?
 And angels, who are they ?
 And their REDEEMER, who is he
 That's praised as you say ?
 And who is Satan and his crew ?
 I pray you to me tell
 Who unbelievers are, and damn'd,
 That have their part in hell ?

C O M P.

Believers are those that believ'd the truth
 Of their REDEEMER from GOD's sacred mouth,
 Which is reveal'd in his most holy word,
 That by his grace we have upon record.

Angels are these blest spirits that were made
 To serve GOD e're this world beginning had.

To tell you who the great REDEEMER is,
 That brings his people to that place of bliss ;
 He's the eternal Son of GOD, and he
 Became a man, and for their sins did die.

Satan, as said is, and his cursed crew,
 Were angels that thought heaven to subdue.
 Satan himself the highest angel was
 Of all so many chiefest and most fair :
 Ambitious pride he entertain'd, whereby
 He thought at last to equal the most high ;
 Drew many thousands of inferior rank
 To party him in this rebellious prank :
 But the Almighty soon perceived their aim,
 And down to hell in furie tumbled them.

The unbelievers and the damn'd are one,
 And the same people that to hell is gone,

Because,

Because they slighted mercy in their day,
And unto God would not for mercy pray.

C H I L D.

But pray, sir, tell me, if you can,
If these men did rebel
Against the Lord, in Satan's plot,
That they are sent to hell ;
And why are some, as you have said,
From that dire place redeem'd,
While those who once were angels, yet
By God are not esteem'd.

C O M P.

Man was not made when Satan did rebel,
And for his trespass was turn'd down to hell :
But afterwards God made the human race
On purpose to fill up their empty space.
But to describe the story of man's fall
Will take long time : but yet, my child, I shall
To satisfy you so far as I can.
And so at first God made one single man,
Both soul and body, like to you and me
And will'd him to increase and multiply ;
And for that end God made a woman fair,
And gave to him : and bade them have a care
To keep the laws that he prescribed to them ;
And if they did continue without blame,
After sometime he would translate them from
That place, and bring them unto heav'n home.
" But if (said he) you do what I forbid,
" I'll punish you as I the angels did :
" Free will they had to stand or fall ; and so,
" Satan soon wrought their dismal overthrow."

But

But GOD's great goodness and free sov'reign choice
 Saves some from hell to heav'n's eternal joys :
 The angels sin'd, without temptation, sure,
 And must for ever punishment endure ;
 But man was tempted ; yet 'tis GOD's free grace
 That ever fav'd one of the human race.

C H I L D .

Pray be not angry, and I'll beg
 One favour more of you ;
 That is, the way how we are sav'd
 More plainly to me shew.

C O M P .

My child, I shall before I go
 An answer to your question show,
 And plain, but briefly as I can,
 Describe GOD's covenants with man.
 When man at first, as I have said,
 Was by his great Creator made,
 He plac'd him in a garden fair,
 Where he had all things necessar
 To make him happy in his life,
 Except it was one thing,—a wife ;
 For which the creatures of each kind
 Were brought to him ; he could not find,
 Among them all, a social mate
 To suit his nature and estate :
 Wherefore the great Creator made
 Him soundly sleep, as he'd been dead,
 And took a rib out of his side,
 Whereof he made a lovely bride ;
 An helper meet, a woman fair,
 And brought her unto Adam there.

Then

Then Adam said, "This is my bone
My flesh and blood, we both are one :
Hence let all men that comes to life,
Leave all their friends, and take a wife."

Then said the great Creator, "Lo,
I made you happy persons two :
I give you pow'r ; you I command
To multiply, and fill the land ;
I give you sovereigntie
O'er all things in the earth and sea ;
Only one thing I want of you,
And that is a superior's due,
Whate're my will is to command,
You'll not rebelliously gainstand ;
Wherefore I give you leave to eat
Of all this garden's fruits for meat ;
Only one tree I do design
To keep, because the right is mine ;
Wherefore if you shall eat the same,
I solemnly do here proclaim
You and your whole posteritie
Shall for the same for ever die :
Therefore free will I give you here,
Either to eat, or to forbear ;
Still to retain your innocence,
Or show your disobedience ;
Thereby t'incur my wrath for ever,
From which none else can thee deliver.
Choose what you think is best ; and so
In happiness I leave you two."

Thus when the great Creator had
This covenant with Adam made,
Adam consented thereuntil,
And promis'd to obey his will :
When God had giv'n them good advice,
He left them both in paradise.

But Satan, as I said before,
 Who still doth like a lyon rore,
 Ay seeking whom he may devour,
 Envy'd the lovely happy pair,
 Straight to seduce them did prepare ;

The serpent was a subtile beast
 By nature ; and he thought it best
 Therein to enter, that he might
 Thereby at first seduce their sight,
 And gain upon their outward sense,
 To violate their innocence.

So when the woman did repair
 Near by the tree, to take the air ;
 Satap, in shape of serpent, came,
 And up the tree straight way he clamb ;
 Pluckt off the fruit, began to eat,
 And said, " This is delicious meat."

The woman wond'ring all the time,
 Supposing that it was a crime
 He had committed, said, " Base elf!
 How could you thus destroy thyself?
 Sure you and your posteritie
 For this crime must for ever die.
 Our great Creator said we should
 Be free to eat all that we would,
 Excepting this one single tree,
 Which by his great supreme decree
 He hath forbid, on penaltie
 That if we eat thereof, we die."

Then Satan said, " Great noble queen,
 You with your eyes have fairly seen
 How that I who inferior are,
 Below your nature very far,
 Am free to eat whate'er I please,
 Without ought to molest my ease ;
 Then why should you be thus confin'd,
 More than the-bruit inferior kind ?"

The

The woman said, "I cannot say,
But freely we ought to obey
Our sovereign great Creator, who
All good things on us doth bestow."

Then Satan said, "I grant, 'tis true
Obedience is a sovereign's due,
As we the creatures yield to you :
But your creator doth impose
On you, and leads you by the nose ;
For well he knows if you should eat
This fruit, you would be wise and great ;
For see, great queen of the creation,
What great and sudden alteration
That fruit hath wrought on me, a brute,
Who all my life before was mute :
Now I by virtue of this choice,
Can speak, you see, with human voice.
Now what great influence think ye
Would it not have on such as thee ?
I can assure you, from the sense
I have of my experience,
It would make you as gods, to know
Both good and evil, and would show
What politicks your maker did
Intend when he did you forbid."

With these, and such like, flat'ring tales
He on her innocence prevails :
So that she said, "Mine eyes, behold
The fruit looks beautiful as gold ;
Yea, since it hath so chang'd this beast,
I'll try its virtue and its taste."

With that she pluck'd, and eat also ;
Straight to her husband she did go,
Gave him thereof ; so likewise he
Did eat of that forbidden tree.

No sooner had they broke this law,
 Than they themselves both naked saw;
 And were aſham'd when they did hear
 The voice of God did reach their ear;
 And hid thhmſelves among the boughs,
 For fear that he would them accuſe:
 For he that knows all what is done
 Above, yea and below, the ſun,
 He knew it inſtantly, that they
 Had from his precepts gone aſtray.
 So, coming to the garden, he
 Cry'd, "Adam, Adam, where are ye?"
 But when they heard the voice of God
 Reach to the place of their abode,
 A terror ſeiz'd their guilty hearts,
 And like two hares affrighted ſtarts
 Up from the covert where they lay,
 Their great Creator to obey.
 When he call'd, "Adam, where art thou?"
 Poor Adam did before him bow,
 All proſtrate on the ground; and ſaid,
 "I'm naked, Lord, and was afraid
 When I thy dreadful voice did hear
 Before thy preſence to appear."

The great Creator ſaid, "Who told
 Thee thou art naked? Waſt thou bold
 To take and eat of that one tree
 Which I at firſt deny'd to thee?"

Then Adam ſaid, "The woman, who
 Thou gav'ſt to me, did from me go,
 And took and eat, and to me gave,
 Which I confeſs I did receive."

The LORD GOD ſaid unto the woman,
 "Had'ſt thou not all the fruits in common?
 Why didſt thou touch or taſte this tree?"
 Said ſhe, "The ſerpent cheated me."

Th' Al-

Th' Almighty to the serpent said,
" Because thou hast man thus betray'd,
Above all creatures thou art curs'd,
And all thy life eat nought but dust ;
Upon thy belly thou shalt go,
For a perpetual mark of wo ;
Betwixt the woman's seed and thee
I'll put a lasting enmitie ;
Thy head it shall his bruises feel,
But thou indeed shalt bruise his heel."

Unto the woman next he said
" Thy sorrows shall be multiply'd
In thy conception, and in birth,
With sorrow shalt thou still bring forth ;
And thy desire shall always be
Towards thy husband ruling thee."

Then unto Adam did he say,
" Because thy wife you did obey,
The ground is cursed for thy sake ;
Henceforth it shall be poor and weak,
Its strength to thee it shall not yield,
And thou shalt eat herbs of the field ;
With sorrow, toil, and sweat of face
Thy daily bread thou shalt purchase,
Till thou return again to dust
From whence thou taken wast at first."

Yet notwithstanding of their sin,
The LORD GOD made them coats of skin,
And cloathed them ; but drove them from
Sweet paradise, their native home ;
And cherubims he plac'd to wait
The entry of the garden gate,
And a great flaming sword, that went
Each way, their access to prevent
Towards the tree of life, lest they
Should eat thereof and live away.

Thus they, and their posterity,
Involved were in misery;
Depriv'd the presence of their God,
And left to range the world abroad,
Not knowing where or how to live;
And beasts that did obedience give
To them before rebelled now,
And man as prey they would pursue;
The lion, tyger, wolf and boar
Them greedily they would devour.
Besides corruption seiz'd them so,
And did like poison thro' them go,
Still rip'ning on apace, till they
Return'd to their origin, clay.

But Adam, he some comfort had
From what his great Creator said
When he the serpent did accuse,
To wit, that woman's seed should bruise
The serpent's head, and man should feel
The serpent's bruises in his heel.

Thus Adam by reflection knew
That God to them would mercy shew;
For God, by secret inspiration,
Gave him an ample revelation
Of all things afterwards should be
Concerning his posterity:
By this he came to apprehend
That myst'ry none can comprehend,
That there's one God, yet persons three
In that same very Godhead be,
To wit, the FATHER and the SON
And HOLY GHOST, yet all in one.

That God was from eternitie,
And will the same for ever be;
That he is present ev'ry where,
And sees at once all things that are;

That

That he's infinite in his pow'r,
The Maker, and the Governour
Of all and ev'ry thing that be,
Above, below, heav'n, earth and sea,
His works and providence declare ;
All's attributes infinite are :
His wisdom, pow'r and holiness,
And justice, truth and great goodness ;
These divine attributes he saw
Implead each other, as at law :
Each advocate his client's right
Did vindicate with all his might.

For JUSTICE he insisted on
The truth of God, and it alone.
" Since GOD hath said, who cannot lie.
If man shall sin, then shall he die ;
Now man hath sin'd, then let him go
To hell t'endure eternal wo."

Then GOODNESS said, " Can mercy now
Bring no relief man to rescue ?
Must he and his posteritie
All in hell's flames for ever lie ?"

Said HOLINESS, " I do abhor
All SIN, and therefore can no more
Admit of mankind in my sight,
Since he my holy laws did slight."

WISDOM, who heard them all the while,
Did with compassion sweetly smile ;
Said, " Justice must be satisfied,
And Holiness too dignified,
The sinner sav'd, and man set free
From hell and endless miserie."

This did astonish the creation
To hear such news of consolation :
But how it could be brought about
No finite being could find out.

Thus

Thus Adam, he was made to see,
That God, from all eternitie,
Forefaw man's fall, and its effect ;
And that he certain did elect
And choos'd to be redeem'd from wrath,
And effects of the second death.

The great and glorious TRINITY,
As they are One, did all agree :
The FATHER, he did condescend
Into the world his SON to send
In form and nature of a man,
Because that Justice did demand
The nature that had sin'd must die,
The Truth of GOD to verifie.

The SON consented thereunto
In all things he would have him do :
Thus was the covenant agreed
Betwixt them, and determined.

The FATHER promis'd to the SON
Support till all his work was done :
The SON, upon the other part,
Engag'd from's glory to depart,
Become a man, and suffer all
Due to the elect by the fall.

So some in ev'ry generation
Of this had clearer revelation,
Until th' appointed time drew near,
That CHRIST the SON was to appear,

C H I L D.

That in the Godhead there should be
Three persons, yet but one,
Seems very wonderful to me,
And hard to think upon.

C O M P.

C O M P.

My dearest child, as I have said before,
This is a myst'ry wherein none should pore.
We must believe what in his word he shows ;
For there's no creature this great myst'ry knows :
The persons of the glorious TRINITY
Were Three in One from all eternitie.

The FATHER's pers'nal property alone
Is that he only doth beget the SON ;
The SON's to be begotten of the FATHER ;
The HOLY GHOST is to descend from either :

And, in that wond'rous method of salvation,
Each of the Three stands in their own relation ;
For GOD the FATHER did contrive the way
Of man's salvation, Wisdom to display ;
The SON did purchas't at th' expence and loss
Of his own blood and life upon the cross ;
The HOLY GHOST applies the same to those
Whom GOD, from all eternity, had chose.

C H I L D.

GOD, as you say, who sees all things
Past, present and to come,
Knew those that would do good or ill,
That made him choose but some.

C O M P.

No, it was neither foreseen good nor ill
Of any one that moved him theretill,
But his own free and gracious sovereign will ;
For ever since the first man Adam fell,
All men are guilty, and so heirs of hell ;

}
Guilty

Guilty so soon as to the world we come ;
 And therefore not the foreseen good of some ;
 For no man lives and sinneth not ; and ev'n
 The best of men cannot lay claim to heav'n ;
 For none are sav'd but by free sov'reign grace,
 And who by faith do JESUS CHRIST embrace.

C H I L D.

Why, may not all believe and him embrace,
 And so all sav'd, as you have said, by grace ?

C O M P.

None can believe so as to go to heav'n,
 But those to whom the grace of faith is giv'n,
 Tho' God requires of us that we believe,
 And for our sins that we repent and grieve,
 Those are conditions on our part, if we
 Unto God's covenant of grace agree ;
 Yet wrought in us by God's most holy Spirit,
 Abstracting from our own desert or merit ;
 Yea he works in us both to will and do
 Of his good pleasure, and renews us too
 In ev'ry part, and turns our hearts from evil,
 And frees us from the bondage of the devil,
 From sin, and from our own corruptions all,
 When he doth us effectually call.

C H I L D.

What you have said, Sir, I approve ;
 And I admire God's grace and love
 In saving some, as you have said,
 That no good thing about them had.
 But tell me, Sir, doth't not appear
 That God is some way too severe,

In making creatures some to be
Doom'd to eternal miserie?

C O M P.

God is supream; "none can, or yet dare say,
Unto him, Why or what dost thou? or stay
His hand from working; when, or where he pleases,
He puts down one, another up he raises."
Since ev'ry man from Adam did descend,
All are partakers of that sin he sinn'd:
He was our head and representative;
As he behav'd we were to die or live;
For if the fountain be corrupt, be sure
The streams thereof, they never can be pure.
If he in innocence had persever'd,
We of that happiness had also shar'd:
Most just 'tis then since he has sinn'd, that we
Should be partakers of the miserie.

C H I L D.

But, Sir, I have some scruple, yet,
With rev'rence: I suppose
That God is wond'rous good to all
He for his elect chose:
But still something appears to me
That's cruel and unkind,
Concerning these poor miscreants
That he hath left behind;
Can love and goodness pleasure take
Those creatures to torment,
For ever to eternitie,
And not at all relent?

C O M P.

C O M P.

Tho God is good and merciful, yet he
Is also just; and therefore cannot be
Said to be cruel, tho' he never had
Sav'd one of all the human race he made.

Crimes in proportion punish'd are as they
Committed are 'gainst great or lesser sway;
So man sinn'd 'gainst Infinite Majesty,
And must be punish'd too infinitely:

Besides if sinners should for ever live,
Still they would sin, and God's good Spirit grieve;
And ev'n in hell they curse, blaspheme and roar
Against that God whom saints in heav'n adore;
Most just it is they should for ever ly
In hell, and suffer to eternity.

C H I L D.

But why might not Almighty God,
By his infinite pow'r,
Establish'd man when he was made,
From sin and death secure?

C O M P.

Because t'was not according to his will;
For what he pleases that does he fulfil:
Besides his glorious attributes had not
Been so display'd, nor he such praise had got.

C H I L D.

But ah! methinks the curses he
Shall get by those in hell,

Will

Will counter-balance all the praise
By these in heav'n that dwell.

C O M P.

Child, you mistake it : tho' the damn'd in hell
Shall howl, and cry, curse, roar, blaspheme, and yell ;
Yet they can blame none but themselves for all
The miseries that ever them befall.

C H I L D.

Dear Sir, I pray make this appear ;
For that's the thing I long to hear.

C O M P.

Child, read the scriptures and you'll find
Enough to satisfy your mind :
There you will see, since Adam fell,
God had a church on earth to dwell ;
And all that would come in were free,
Tho' sinners ne'er so great they be.

Abel was humble, wise and good ;
But Cain vicious was and rude ;
Instead of joining with his brother,
He slew him, and his blood did smother ;
So that he was without excuse,
When God to punish him did chuse :
Enoch he walk'd with God, and did
The wickedness of men forbid ;
And did emit a prophecie,
That they for sin should judged be ;
Yet they no warning took, and so
Without excuse to hell did go.

Noah again, when wickedness
Grew rampant, preached righteousness

Six score of years, and warn'd all
A flood upon them was to fall;
Yet they no warning took, till they
Were by the deluge swept away.

Next Abraham, he did not chuse,
When God did call him, to refuse;
But when God call'd him, forth he went,
Not knowing where to pitch his tent;
Submissive unto God's command,
He sojourn'd in a foreign land;
While those he left behind did chuse
Their old idolatry to use:
So that excuse they could have none,
When they by God were overthrown.

Lot, vex'd in Sodom ev'ry day,
Did often them beseech and pray
To leave the place, repent and turn,
Before God did their city burn:
But yet no argument could gain
On them, to make them sin refrain;
Till by experience they found
Themselves in fire and brimstone drown'd.

Isaac in midst of heathens led
A pious life; and all he had
Was blest therefore with good success,
That all around him might confess,
That if they had led such a life,
As honest Isaac and his wife,
For ever happy they had been;
But no excuse they had to screen
Them from the punishment of sin,
Since they in no ways would come in.

When Jacob was oblig'd to fly
From wicked Esau's tyranny,
God so remarkably him blest,
That Laban he himself confess'd,

Thar

That while he lodging there did take,
He found God blest him for his sake :
So that when men of common sense
Could learn this by experience,
And yet would not religious be,
Without excuse be sure they'll see
God's righteous judgments on them fall,
Who would not hearken to his call.

Esaü had opportunitie
A devout holy man to be ;
Good education and example,
Altho' he on the same did trample,
Both from his father and his mother,
And also from his younger brother :
But all for nought, it was in vain,
He turned graceless and prophane,
Despis'd his birth-right, good refus'd,
So that he cannot be excus'd.

Joseph was tempt'd to be unjust
To satisfy his mistress' lust ;
Yet would he not yield thereunto,
For all that she could say or do :
So, when she could not gain her end,
Revenge on him she did intend.

There is no doubt this good man had
The ill of sin before her laid ;
So that she no excuse can frame,
Altho' she fry in endless flame.

Moses was sent by God's command
To Pharaoh king of Egypt land,
To fetch his people thence, that they
Might serve their God and him obey :
But the hard hearted tyrant slew
Their males, and did no mercy shew ;
And when that Moses him besought,
And many signs and wonders wrought,

Pha-

Pharaoh, still hardned, still denied,
 Until all the first born died ;
 And tho' he was convinc'd that all
 The judgments that on him did fall
 Were purely GOD's almighty hand,
 Yet his good will he did withstand :
 So he none but himself can blame,
 Tho' he's condemn'd to endless flame.

And many more examples be
 That in the scriptures you may see,
 That GOD is good, and just, and holy,
 And men themselves to blame are wholly,

C H I L D.

But one thing, Sir, before you go
 You'll be so kind as to me show ;
 And that is, what religion I
 Shall chuse, and also which deny.

C O M P.

My child, religions there's no more
 In all the universe but four ;
 And that's, Mahomet, Pagan, Jew,
 And Christian lastly ; that's for you :
 For there's no name in earth or heav'n,
 Nor yet among men, that is giv'n,
 By which we can be sav'd, 'tis plain,
 But CHRIST, who died and rose again ;
 And him hath GOD exalted high
 A Prince and Saviour to be,
 To give repentance and remission
 Of all our sins for our salvation.

C H I L D.

No Pagan, Jew, nor Mahomet,
 Is to be seen upon our street ;

Yet

Yet there, on Sunday, when I stand,
The people flock on ev'ry hand
To diff'rent quarters of the town,
To their respective meetings bound,
To follow which I do not know;
I pray you therefore to me show
Which of them all I ought to chuse,
And which of them I should refuse,

C O M P.

What makes such diff'rence in communion
Is that old wretched word OPINION,
Hatch'd sure by corrupt men's invention,
That bred great trouble and contention;
Opinion makes a man suppose
That he all others should oppose,
And that no man is safe but he
That is of his communitie:
Such is the folly of mankind,
Where prejudice hoodwinks the mind,

But be thou, child, advis'd by me,
From party-prejudice keep free:
Believe in CHRIST, and him alone
Take for your whole salvation;
Pray unto GOD, that he would make
You know the truth for JESUS' sake;
Pray for repentance, faith and love,
And all the graces from above;
Observe and keep God's holy law,
And of his threat'nings stand in aw;
Believe his promises, and he
Will surely make them good to thee;
A narrow watch keep o'er your heart,
And from appearing ills depart,
Especially whate'er you see
Against God's holy laws to be;

And

And strive to keep a conscience
 To God and man void of offence;
 Read ev'ry day God's word with care,
 You'll find your duty's fully there:

And since it must be so that ye
 Must join with some communie,
 Join those whose tenets are most pure,
 According to God's word, be sure;
 Neglect their errors which you see
 By scripture light, and then you'll be
 A Christian, not a party-pleader:
 May God himself still be your leader!
 And so, my child, I bid Adieu,
 Till the next time I meet with you.

ACROSTICK.

I While alive did never cease to give,
On all occasions, counsel how to live,
How to behave in this vain world below,
Not to be doom'd unto eternal woe.

But now I'm dead, and no more can I say,
Except my tombstone bid you not delay
A moment longer in your soul's concern,
Till **CHRIST** in you be formed you discern.
O mind how dismal your last end will be,
Not to be found in **CHRIST** when you're to die!

A BUN-

A
BUNDLE of FLOWERS
FOR
CHILDREN:

BEING
VERSES on the most remarkable MEN and
WOMEN mentioned in the BIBLE.

WITH
Other POEMS and HYMNS, useful for
CHILDREN; &c.

T O

Mr. *PATRICK DRUMMOND*,

Grandchild to *PATRICK DRUMMOND* of
GARDRUM, Esq;

THE following POEMS and HYMNS for
Children are humbly dedicated by,

S I R,

Your most humble, and
most obedient Servant, &c.

Kirk of Collace;
June 10th 1753.

ALEX. NICOL.

To my young Reader.

DEAR child, in this compofure, fee
Brave men are mentioned,
Men of the moft antiquitie,
Moft fam'd and honoured :
Here you for imitation have
Men of the beft renown
For valiant hearts, and actions brave,
That ever yet were known :
Here's true diverting ftories told,
Such like were never found
Among romances, new nor old,
In all the world around.
And art thou piously inclin'd ?
Here many patterns be
That on religion fet their mind,
When but as young as thee.
Wouldft thou to wealth and honour climb ?
Then fear thou the Moft High ;
Be good like David, and like him
God will thee magnify.
Wouldft thou efcape that dreadful fate
The wicked muft befall ?
Upon religious duties wait,
And truft to God your All.
On whatfoe'er thy mind fhall turn,
Refpecting bus'nefs here,
If you thy ftation would adorn,
Firft learn thy God to fear ;
Then fhalt thou prosper in thy way,
And all thou tak'ft in hand ;
While wicked men fhall all decay
Around thee in the land.
Perufe this little book, wherein
You various things will fee,
That may divert thy mind from fin,
And be of ufe to thee.

ALEX. NICOL.

The First Chapter of *Genesis*.

THE Spirit of the living God
Mov'd on the mighty deep;
Matter from nothing came abroad,
And into forms did creep:
Void empty space and darkness did
Surround the darkned chaos;
When the Almighty spoke, and bid
Light be, then lo it was.
Darkness to separate from light
He will'd, and they obey:
Light Day he call'd, and darkness Night,
And both made the first day.
At God's command extended was
The spacious firmament,
That's like a molten looking-glass,
Yet strong and permanent:
Waters above it, and below
He sep'rated to stay:
This firmament call'd Heav'n, and so
This made the second day.
God will'd the waters under heav'n
Together to repair
To where he had appointment giv'n,
That dry land might appear:
The waters he call'd Seas, and land
He call'd Earth; and they,
The instant that he gave command,
Did willingly obey.
Then said th' Almighty, Let the earth
Bring forth grass, herbs and trees,
Whose seeds and fruits prolifick birth
Their various kinds supplies:
At his command the fertile earth
Did instantly obey;

Produced her vegetable birth,
Concluding the third day.
God said, Let there be lights that may
Divide the day from night,
And rule each season, year and day,
And shine exceeding bright:
God made the sun and moon, and set
Them in the firmament;
The stars also in number great
He made for ornament;
These he appointed to give light
Upon the earth, for they
Were to divide the day from night,
And this made the fourth day.
God will'd the waters to bring forth
The moving creatures there;
And fowls to fly above the earth
In open fields of air:
Great whales by him created were;
And ev'ry living thing,
That either is in seas or air,
The waters forth did bring:
To ev'ry thing he gave command
And virtue to increase
Their sev'ral species, that might stand,
Till time itself shall cease.
Thus God beheld all that he made,
And lo! it was all good;
The morning and the evening shade
The fifth day did conclude.
And God said, Let the earth bring forth
The living creatures, which
May multiply birth after birth,
The dry land to enrich:
God made all beasts and creeping thing,
And cattle ev'ry one,

After

After his kind th' earth forth did bring,
 Ev'n by his word alone:
 God said, Let Us make man that may
 Our image represent,
 And o'er all living creatures sway
 The pow'r and government:
 So God created man of dust,
 And breath'd in him, and he
 Became a living Soul that must
 Subsist eternally;
 Both male and female was he made
 Resembling God; and he
 The pow'r and sovereigntie had
 O'er all in earth and sea:
 God blessed him, and gave command
 To multiply, and gave
 Green herbs to beasts for meat, but man
 The choicest fruits should have.
 So God survey'd the works he made,
 And found them very good.
 Thus morning and the ev'ning did
 The first six days conclude.

A MEDITATION on the Second Chapter of *Genesis*.

MOST glorious and holy God,
 Who was, is, and shall be;
 Heav'n is thy throne and blest abode,
 To all eternitie;
 The whole earth's of thy glory full,
 Thy works shew forth thy praise;
 All nature yield's to thy good will,
 All things thy word obeys:
 Thou madst the heav'ns, earth and sea
 Of nothing, by thy pow'r;

And

The Rural Muse.

7

And over ev'ry thing that be
Thou art the governour.
Six days for our example thou
Didst take the worlds to frame;
And rested on the seventh, to shew
We should observe the same.
Thou madst the light and darkness, which
Are both alike to thee :
Sun, moon, and stars, above our reach
Their magnitude to see.
Thou mad'st thine angels spirits pure,
To serve at thy command,
To do thy errands, and procure
Whate'er thou wilt demand.
Thou madst man to resemble thee
In knowledge, righteousness,
And holiness ; no miserie
Obstruct'd his happiness ;
Inferior but in degree
Unto the angels bright ;
Thou crown'dst his head with dignitie,
With favour and delight :
Beasts of the earth, fowls of the air,
Fish in the seas that swarm,
Their due obedience do declare ;
If he but call'd, they came :
Thou madst a garden fair and sweet,
Where all delights did flourish,
For recreation, and for meat,
All's appetites to nourish :
Nay more, to consummate his joy,
Thou gav'st to him a wife,
That all delights he might enjoy
That could be wish'd in life ;
Save only that peculiar tree
That in the garden grew ;

of

Of it thou wilt'd him to keep free,
 As a Superior's due:
 Thou justly threatned, At what time
 He of the same did eat,
 That he should die for such a crime;
 And lose his blessed state;
 Not only him, but ev'n all those
 That should from him proceed,
 Should share the punishment and loss,
 Since he of all was head.
 Most holy, wise and just thou art,
 O God, in all thy ways;
 Obedience is thy only part
 And best lov'd sacrifice.

**Upon the most remarkable MEN and
 WOMEN mentioned in the Bible.**

A D A M.

ADAM was plac'd in pleasant paradise,
 Had all the herbs and fruits therein, to choise
 Which he should eat, and which he should forbear,
 Except one tree whose fruits most dang'rous were
 Forbid him (on his peril) by that God
 Of whom he held his life, and blest abode.

E V E.

EVE, not contented with her blest estate,
 Believ'd the serpent that she'd be more great,
 Did eat of the forbidden fruit, and gave
 Her husband also, that he might perceive

Things

The Rural Muse.

9

Things that he knew not, both of good and evil,
As she had heard and learned of the devil:
But disappointment was their wretched fate;
Instead of knowing more, to their regret,
They knew far less, and both were quickly driv'n
From paradise, and lost their claim to heav'n.

C A I N and A B E L.

ABEL was good; God therefore him prefer'd,
And his first off'ring greatly did regard:
But CAIN was evil; God did him neglect,
And to his off'ring did shew no respect;
Which was the cause the villain did embrue
His hands in blood, and his own brother slew.

E N O C H.

ENOCH was holy, and still pleas'd God;
Therefore on earth he had not long abode;
For God took him alive to heav'n, where he
Will reign and walk with him eternallie.

M E T H U S E L A H.

METHUSELAN liv'd to the greatest age
Of any e'er was on this earthly stage;
Yet of the longest liv'd nought can be said,
But that they once did live, and now are dead.

N O A H.

Six score of years good NOAH was employ'd
Building an ark, before the flood destroy'd
The world for sin; and ev'ry stroke he gave
Bade men repent that God might mercy have:

B

But

But none regarded, till the deluge drown'd
 Them all at once ; no man alive was found,
 Save NOAH's household, eight in number were
 Preserv'd alive by GOD's peculiar care ;
 With two and two of ev'ry bird and beast,
 That ever since to multitudes increast.

NOAH'S THREE SONS.

SHEM, HAM, and JAPHETH, Noah's three sons were :
 A father's curse the wretched HAM must bear ;
 Because he saw his father's shame expos'd,
 And to his brethren had the same disclos'd,
 Who spread a garment on their shoulders straight,
 Went back, and screen'd their father's shame from sight.

HAM was the father of Canaan : 'tis said
 By JAPHETH were the Gentile isles o'erspread :
 But in SHEM's family the church of GOD
 For ages had, and shall have its abode.

NIMROD.

Gigantick NIMROD was a mighty man,
 He was the first that monarchy began :
 He and his people, journeying from the east,
 In Shinar's plains at last their tents they plac'd ;
 " Come (said they) let us here a city build
 And an high tow'r our lives from harm to shield,
 Whose top may reach to heaven's gates, that when
 We please we may an access thereto gain ;
 And let us make ourselves a name, that we
 Scatt'red no more throughout the earth may be."

But GOD beheld what these vile miscreants did,
 And that nought could their enterprize forbid ;
 Said he, " All mankind have one kind of speech,
 And their design is heaven's gates to reach

By their hand-work ; I will confound them so,
That one another's speech they shall not know."

Then ev'ry man spake language that none knew
Except himself, and yet he knew not how :
" Bring me (said one) a load of brick ;" and they,
Instead thereof, brought him a load of hay :
One call'd and bids make fast a rope ; and he
That was below, made haste to let it flee.

Thus all confus'd, their tools they tumbled straight,
And like bewitched fools began to fight :
All scatt'ed round ; each one another chas'd ;
Dispers'd abroad to North, South, East and West.

A B R A H A M.

From Chaldea the patriarch ABRAHAM,
At God's command, a sojourner he came
Unto Canaan, which land God promise made
To him that he would give it to his seed,
Yet childless ; and his wife tho' barren still,
She was intent that promise to fulfil ;
Gave him her handmaid, that she might conceive,
And she by her a borrowed child might have.

So she conceiv'd, and bare ABRAM a son,
Suppos'd the heir of all his sire had won :
But lo ! three angels in the form of men
Came walking to ABRAM along the plain,
Whom he saluted, to his tent them call'd,
And with a rural feast them well regall'd.
In compensation they call'd for his wife,
And said, " According to the time of life,
Thou shalt conceive and bear a son, who shall
Be thy sole heir and possessor of all :"
At which SARAI laugh'd in heart to hear
That one past age, and barren too, should bear ;

F

For

For which they chid her, and affirm'd that she
Should the blest mother of great nations be.

When they departed, ABRAM courteously
And in good manners made them a convoy:
When at some distance two went off; but one
Abode with ABRAM till he was made known,
And told him plainly that he was his God,
And bade him lift his eyes and look abroad,
And view the land from North, South, East and West,
For of the same his seed shou'd be possesst.

But ABRAM had forgot GOD's promise made,
And for Ishma'l, his son, did interceed;

" LORD thou hast promis'd, and I do believe,
That thou to me a progeny wilt give;
Therefore Ishmael, if 'tis thy sov'reign will,
Grant he may live thy promise to fulfil."

GOD said, " SARAI, as I have told you, shall
Bear thee a son, whom thou shalt Isaac call;
With him I will my covenant renew,
Which I have made, and still have kept with you.
Lift up thine eyes, and tell the stars, if ye
Can number them, so shall thy offspring be;
For mighty nations shall be of thy seed,
And potent kings shall from thy loins proceed.

Also I heard, and gave thee no denial
Concerning thy first-born son Ishmael;
For he shall live, become exceeding great,
And he in time twelve princes shall beget.

But I my covenant will stablish sure
With Isaac, whom thy wife shall to thee bear,
And with his seed; and this shall be the sign,
That you and yours, yea ev'ry male of thine,
Be circumcis'd, and in their foreskin hold
My cov'nant's seal, when they are eight days old.
They shall be strangers in a foreign land
Four hundred years, press'd by a tyrant's hand,

From

From whence I'll bring them by my mighty arm,
(And no man shall have power to do them harm)
And plant them in this fruitful land, wherein
You hitherto a sojourner have been.
But thou shalt die in good old age and peace,
And the fourth generation of thy race
They shall possess the Am'rites land at will,
But their iniquities are not yet full."

L O T.

Lot, Abram's friend, in Sodom pitch'd his tent:
But lo! two angels unto him were sent,
And warn'd him from that vile place to flee,
For in short time it would destroyed be;
He and his wife, two daughters, and no more,
Deliv'rd were from that dire overthrow.
His wife, who lov'd the place, began to halt,
And looking back was turned into salt:
She of GOD's wrath a monument was made,
That others might to GOD's commands take heed.

He and his daughters to a city went;
But fear'd to dwell therein, because the scent
Of fire and brimstone reach'd thro' all the plain;
They fled, and in the mountains did remain:
There the two maids suppos'd the human race
Was quite extinct, and none left to increase;
They made their father drink till he was drunk,
Lay down with him when he in sleep was sunk;
The force of wine and warmth him so beguil'd,
That he unwitting got them both with child:
Each of the two brought forth a son, from whom
The Moabites and Ammonites did come.

I S A A C.

Young ISAAC now appears upon the stage,
Born of his mother when she was past age,

At eight days old was circumcis'd, and grew
 Till he was wean'd, belov'd of not a few,
 Except Ishmael, Hagar's son, who smil'd
 When he old Sarah pump'ring him beheld;
 At which she said (and kick'd him out of doors)
 "This harlot's son shall not be heir with ours."

It came to pass, that God call'd Abraham;
 To which he answered, "Lord, here I am."
 God said, "Take ISAAC, now thine only son;
 And nothing grudge, it is what must be done:
 Take him, I say; and to Moriah go,
 And on a mountain, which I shall thee show,
 Offer him up a sacrifice to me;
 As all is mine, I challenge this of thee."

Then Abram said, "Can this be true, I hear,
 That I should sacrifice mine only heir?
 Nay, sure I dream—nay, nay, I am awake,
 Some Deity it was that to me spake.
 Can God, who is most Holy, Just and Good,
 Require a sacrifice of human blood?
 No—'tis some Demon, mankind's enemy,
 That would seduce me to idolatry;
 God is too good, his promise to make void;
 If ISAAC die, my hopes are all destroy'd:
 But hold! what do I say? why should I doubt
 Of God's great pow'r his promise to make out?
 What tho' my ISAAC should to ashes burn?
 God's pow'r can make him unto life return;
 I in my God will trust, who hitherto
 All my difficulties hath brought me thro';
 Yea, rather than I should my God displease,
 My darling ISAAC I will sacrifice;
 If I'm deceiv'd, God will my error show,
 And me preserve from my infernal foe."

Thus forth he ventur'd in the Name of God;
 He and his son upon two asses rode:

Wood, fire, a knife, two servants, then took he
With him, and went into the land Mori':

Three days they walked, till the place they spied

Afar; then Abram to his young men said,

"Stay with the asses till the lad with me

Go worship yonder, and return to thee."

So he took wood, and bound it on his son,

Fire in his hand; and on their way they're gone.

Now, as they walked, ISAAC look'd him round,

And said, "My father, here we do abound

With preparations for an off'ring; but

A lamb for sacrifice I see it not:"

Then Abram said, "God that requires the thing

Will sure provide a lamb for offering."

So on they walk'd towards the place, and there

Abraham made haste an altar to prepare;

And laid the wood in order thereupon,

Then stretched out his hand to take his son.

ISAAC, affrighted, cry'd with tears, and said,

"O father, father, I am sore afraid

That you are desp'rate, or some frantick fit,

Has seiz'd your senses, and expell'd your wit:

What cruel thing is this you mean to do?

Would ye your hands in your own blood imbrue?"

"No, no, my son; you quite mistake the case:

All human reason must to God give place:

No doubt I love you as I do my life;

And certainly this sacrificing knife

Should as soon sheath in my own bowels as thine,

Wer't not I must regard commands divine."

"O father, father, has not God once said,

Who sheds man's blood by man shall his be shed?

And at the hand of ev'ry man he wou'd

Require his brother's or his neighbour's blood?

Much more of you: O father dear, forbear,

And to seducing spirits give not ear."

"Oh

" Oh not, my son ; full well I understand
I'm not deceiv'd ; it is GOD's own command :
And rather than my GOD I should displease,
My all, my ISAAC, I will sacrifice."

" Father, did GOD 'gainst nature give me life,
To lose it by this sacrificing knife ?

No ; sure he did some higher end propose,
Than against nature I the same should lose ?
Oft have you told me for a truth most valid,
GOD said, In me your seed was to be called :
Is GOD a man his promise to deny ?
Or son of man that he should make a lie ?
Beware, dear father, what you do ; forbear,
And to seducing spirits give not ear."

" Forbear, dear child ; no intercession may
Prevail with me my purpose to delay :
It is no spirit, but my GOD ; and still
I will believe him, and obey his will :
I'm confident his promise he'll make good ;
Tho' here I slay you, and pour out your blood,
And I do here your bones to ashes burn,
His pow'r can make you unto life return."

" Since now, dear father, you are resolute,
And all my arguments you still refuse,
Unto GOD's will and yours I do submit
To do with me all what you judge most fit.
If you're deceived in this strange intent,
I pray the GOD of heav'n you to prevent ;
And if it be his sov'reign blessed will,
I own we should all his commands fulfil :
Therefore to him I recommend my spirit,
That thro' MESSIAH that's to come his merit,
I may be rais'd from death to life again,
And reign with him time without end. Amen."

Then on the altar laid he ISAAC bound,
And took the knife to give the fatal wound :

But

But lo ! an angel call'd from heav'n, and said,
" Lay not thine hand upon the harmless lad ;
For now I know thou fearest God truly,
Since thou didst not thine only son deny."

Then Abraham lift up his eyes, and spied
A ram in thickets by his horns tied :
With joyful heart he ran and caught the prize,
And off'red him in's stead a sacrifice :

JEHOVAH-JIREH then he call'd the place,
That is, GOD will provide in such a case.

Again the angel spake to him, and shew'd,
That GOD for this his promise had renew'd,
That he would bless him greatly, and his seed
Should as the sand on shores be multiplied ;
That in his seed all nations he would bless,
And that their en'mies gates they should possess ;
Because thou hast obey'd my voice, I will
All this and more for you and yours fulfill.

So they took journey to return again :
And as they walk'd along the lonely plain,
Abraham said, " My son, you plainly see
The folly of your arguments with me."

" My dearest father, now I see indeed
GOD is a present help in time of need ;
Upon his goodness and his mercies I
Will meditate, until the day I die :
To us this day he manifested hath
Enough to make us stedfast in our faith ;
I'll ne'er forget how I was ransomed,
And in a figure raised from the dead :
I'll love the LORD, and serve him all my days,
For this is matter of eternal praise."

Thus on they walked, both still praising GOD,
Towards Beersheba, where was their abode.

When Sarah died, and Ab'ram purchas'd straight
A burial place to hide her from his sight ;

Four hundred shekels was the price he paid
For field and cave wherein his wife was laid.

When Ab'ram saw his son was grown a man,
He to provide him in a wife began ;
And call'd his servant, unto whom he said,
" Here is a point in which I want your aid :
Put now thine hand below my thigh, and swear,
As thou the GOD of heav'n and earth shalt fear,
Take not a wife to my son ISAAC here ;
Go to my country, and my kindred, there
Find out a virgin pious, chaste and fair,
Bring her from thence to be my ISAAC's wife,
The only joy and solace of his life."

Then said the servant, " Sir, perhaps the maid
She will not come to do as you have said :
Must I your son bring thither back again,
In your own native country to remain ?

" No, no (replied the patriarch) take care,
And take not back again my ISAAC there ;
For if the maiden will not follow you,
Ye shall be clear and free of this your vow."

Then took the servant jewels, bracelets, rings,
Gold, furniture, and other costly things,
And went toward Mesopotamia,
And to the town where Nahor dwelt did draw.
Then towards ev'ning, near the city he
Stood by a well ; and praying earnestlie,
He said, " O LORD GOD of my master, now
Unto my master's son thy kindness shew :
Send me good speed ; and let it be, when I
The damsels come to draw their waters spy,
And she to whom I say, Maid draw for me,
Shall answer I will you and yours supplie,
Let it be her thou hast ordain'd thro' life
To be my master's son young ISAAC's wife."

When he had ended this his wishful pray'r,
Rebekah came, who did a pitcher bear;
Which when she fill'd with water, "Maid (said he)
Allow a draught thereof I pray to me."

"My lord (said she) it is at your command,
And straight let down her pitcher on her hand;
Also I'll draw for all thy camels, till
They ev'ry one of them shall drink their fill."

The man then wond'ring at her beauty, said,
"Whose daughter art thou, O thou charming maid?
And can your father lodge us here this night
Until we see the morrow morning light?"

Said she, "I am Bethuel's daughter, he
The son of Nahor; that's my pedigree:
Also we want not room for you to lodge,
And likewise straw and provender I judge."

Then pull'd he forth a great ear-ring of gold,
And bracelets, saying, "Maid, I pray thee hold,
For your good will and service done to me,
Too small regard to be bestow'd on thee."

Then ran Rebekah; and her mother told
About the man, and of her gifts of gold;
Which when her brother Laban saw, he ran
And courteously intreated in the man,
And gave him water there to wash his feet,
Set meat before him, urging him to eat;
But he refus'd said, "I'll not eat a crumb,
Till I have told the errand I am come."

Then Laban said, "Speak on, Sir, let us hear;
You shall be welcome to our utmost here."

Said he, "My master Abraham is one
Whom God hath blest with riches, and a son
That's grown a man, his only hopeful heir;
Therefore he made me to protest and swear,
That I should take my journey to this place,
And seek a wife for him of his own race:

Also

Also I see, so far as I have gone,
 That God doth bless the enterprize begun;
 For as I stood by yonder well, I pray'd
 That God would send to me the very maid
 He had provided for my master's son,
 And by that means I wish'd she might be known;
 If I said, "Maiden, I am very dry,
 Pray let me have some water for supply,
 If she should say, "Sir, I will give to you,
 And to your servants, and your camels too;
 Let that be her, from whom these words shall flow,
 That God ordains shall to my master go:
 Scarce had I done with praying in my mind,
 When lo! Rebekah came, and prov'd so kind.
 Then did I ask her of her kindred syne,
 And found that she was of my master's line:
 Then did I worship rev'rently the LORD;
 And call'd my master's words unto record.
 "God will (said he) his angel send with you,
 And guide you to the place, and maiden too:
 Therefore, if you regard my master, say;
 If otherwise, then frankly tell me, nay;
 That I may turn to either hand and see
 What success God provided hath for me."

Then answer'd Laban and Bethuel both,
 "Friend, to dissemble we'll be very loth;
 The thing it seems proceeds from God alone,
 And cannot sure by us be overthrown:
 Behold Rebekah! let her with you go,
 And be his wife since God will have it so."

So when the man had heard this kindly word,
 He bow'd his head, and worshipp'd the LORD,
 Did eat and drink, and went to sleep that night,
 And rose to-morrow by the morning light.
 Then said he, "Since the LORD hath prospered
 My journey hither, I would now implead

You not to hinder, but send me away
Unto my master without more delay."

Said they, "well call the damsel in, and see
If she inclines to go along with thee :
She being call'd, did instantly consent
To go with him, seem'd very well content.
Then did they bless her, and sent her away ;
And to Canaan they came without delay.

Now as they walked, and drew near their home,
They spied a man out in the fields to come :
Rebekah said unto the servant, "see
There is a man that meets us, who is he ?
His looks are steady, and his pace but slow,
And with a careless air he seems to go ?

The servant said, "It is my master's son,
He loves to walk forth in the fields alone
To meditate on things that are divine,
That elevates his good and holy mind ;
For he is good, and leads an holy life,
With him you'll be a very happy wife."

Then did Rebekah veil her face, that he
At first might not her virgin blushes see,
While ISAAC took her by the hand, and went
With her unto his mother Sarah's tent :
So she became his wife, with love transported ;
After his mother's death he was comforted.

Then Abraham took him another wife,
With whom he spent his residue of life,
By whom he sev'ral other children had :
To each of them he certain portions paid ;
But unto ISAAC, his beloved heir,
He gave his stock, and all he had to spare ;
So Abraham gave up the ghost and died, -
And was by Sarah in Machpelah laid.

Now ISAAC pray'd his wife a child might have
(For she was barren) and she did conceive :

And lo ! the children struggled in her womb,
 As if each grudged of too little room :
 Then she enquir'd of God the reason why
 That she was troubled after such a way ;
 God told her twins were in her womb, and she
 The mother of two diff'rent sons must be ;
 Two kinds of people shall from thee divide
 The younger o'er the elder shall preside.
 So in due time Rebekah at one birth
 Two lively children that were males brought forth :
 The boy first born was all o'ergrown with hair,
 And Esau nam'd ; the other smooth and fair,
 And Jacob nam'd, because he strove to feel,
 When he was born, his brother Esau's heel :
 Both circumcis'd when they were eight days old ;
 Both grew to men, and Esau rough and bold
 Was a great hunter of wild venison,
 But Jacob dwelt in tents upon the plain.

Now ISAAC loved Esau for the meat
 He often of his venison did eat :
 But lo ! Rebekah loved Jacob best,
 And often in her heart she Jacob blest.

One day ; as Esau had at hunting been,
 He turned faint ; and after he had seen
 Some pottage Jacob for himself made ready,
 His wish was eager, and his eyes were steady,
 And said, " Dear brother, pray now give to me
 Some of your pottage for I'm like to die."

Then Jacob said, " Sell me thy birth-right now,
 And I'll the pottage frankly give to you."

" Tush, tush ! (said Esau) take it unto thee,
 'Tis of small value when I'm like to die."

Said Jacob, " Swear that this birth-right of thine
 In ev'ry point shall afterwards be mine ;"

So Esau swore ; and Jacob gave him bread,
 And pottage both : thus was the bargain made.

Then

Then ISAAC called Esau his first-born,
And said, " My son you see with age I'm worn :
Mine eyes are dim ; my taste is almost gone ;
Go therefore out, and catch some venison,
And make me meat, such as I love, that I,
May eat, and bless thee here before I die."
Rebekah hearing what was said and done,
She call'd for Jacob her beloved son,
And told him all,— bids him go to the fold,
And on two fat and well-grown kids lay hold ;
I'll make such meat your father loves, that he
May eat and bless thee now before he die.

But Jacob said, my brother is all hair,
My father knows that I am smooth and bare ;
If he shall feel me, and the cheat discover,
He'll count me nothing but a false deceiver :
Thereby I would incur his cursing rather
Than the kind blessing of a loving father."

Rebekah said, " Obey my voice ; let me
The only object of his cursing be :"

Jacob obey'd ; she made the sav'ry meat,
And cunningly she to conceal the cheat
Took Esau's garments, judging it no sin,
And cloth'd him therewith, and the hairy skin
Put on the smooth parts of his hands and neck,
That so his father might not him suspect.

The good old man thought 'twas his eldest son,
Bless'd him as such : and Jacob scarce outgone,
When Esau from his hunting came, and had
Of's venison the sav'ry morsel made,
Yet miss'd the blessing ; and resolv'd to slay
His brother Jacob, but he fled away
To Padan-aram, there to save his life,
Where fourteen years he served for a wife.

Jacob became exceeding rich, and had
Twelve sons by whom a nation was o'erspread :

Great

Great kings, and many, from him did proceed
As unto Abraham God had promised.

JOSEPH.

JOSEPH was sold in Egypt for a slave:
But he fear'd God; and did so well behave;
That soon he was advanc'd to high degree,
And none in Egypt more esteem'd than he.

MOSES.

Like Moses, none of all the human race
Of God had so much countenance and grace:
For meekness he all other men excell'd;
Yet at the waters rashly he rebell'd:
So that the promis'd land afar he view'd;
But there to enter he was not allow'd.

JOSHUAH.

Brave JOSHUAH led Isra'l to Canaan,
Fought valiantly, subdu'd each heathen man;
Parted the land, and in proportion gave
To ev'ry tribe what they by lot should have:
Still resolute to serve the Lord was he,
And so in peace and good old age did die.

HANNAH and SAMUEL.

Thus HANNAH pray'd most fervently in thought;
And earnestly from God a child she sought;
"And if (said she) God me a man-child give;
I'll lend him to the Lord while he shall live;
So she conceiv'd, and Samuel did bring forth
A man of great integrity and worth.

DAVID.

D A V I D.

DAVID, a man of early piety,
And so GOD rais'd him to great dignity,
From a mean shepherd to a royal throne;
Such is GOD's goodness unto ev'ry one
That fear and serve him with their heart and mind:
Who seeks GOD early will him surely find.

A B S A L O M.

ABSALOM for beauty did excell,
Yet he against his father did rebell,
For which he was in battle overthrown,
And doubtless unto hell the wretch is gone:
So beauty is no sign of goodness, sure,
Fair Helen was but an adult'rous whore.

S O L O M O N.

King SOLOMON, the wisest of mankind;
And yet he prov'd an arrant fool, we find.

M A N A S S E H.

MANASSEH was a wicked wretch; yet he
Found mercy when he sought it earnestlie:
Yet this is no encouragement to sin;
It only shews great sinners sav'd have been.

J O B.

JOB patiently did great afflictions bear;
He feared GOD, and held religion dear:
So that his wife, his friends, and Satan's art
Could never make him from it once depart.

D

E S T H E R.

E S T H E R.

God's providence brought ESTHER to a throne,
To save the Jews from being overthrown :

H A M A N.

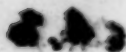
Upon the gallows HAMAN had design'd
For Mordecai, himself was hang'd we find.
Pride and injustice sure at length will be
Brought to disgrace and endless miserie.

The P R O P H E T S.

The PROPHEETS all were holy men, and were
Inspir'd of God his purpose to declare.

Saint JOHN the BAPTIST.

He honour'd was to go before, and tell
Redemption was at hand for Israel.



J O S E P H and M A R Y.

JOSEPH and MARY well met man and wife,
Both just and good, and happy in their life :
The blessed mother of our LORD was she ;
And he his father was suppos'd to be.

The Four E V A N G E L I S T S.

FOUR write the hist'ry of our blessed LORD ;
They all in one and the same things accord :
All pointedly relate his lowly birth ;
His life and doctrine taught by him on earth ;
His cruel death ; how from the dead he rose,
And his ascension each exactly shows.

The

THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

CHRIST TWELVE APOSTLES chose to witness bear
Of all he said, and did, and taught while here ;
And that they might his doctrine spread abroad,
As they should after be inspir'd of GOD.

JUDAS.

But one of them a trait'rous wretch did prove,
For money did forfeit his master's love :
But he despair'd, and after hang'd himself ;
Surely to him it was a dear bought pelf.

HEROD.

Proud HEROD, when prais'd by a foolish mob,
Did the Almighty of his glory rob :
So that GOD's judgments seiz'd him in a trice,
'That he was eaten quick of worms and lice.

REMARKS.

THE godly man stands on the surest ground ;
For he seeks help, where help is to be found ;
But lo ! the wicked is in dreadful case ;
Destruction follows them from place to place.

II.

A fool for CHRIST is certainly most wise,
Tho' all the rest of mankind him despise :
They're only fools that wealth and honours make
Their god while here, and the true GOD forsake.
For natural fools I have nothing to say,
But leave their event to the judgment-day.

III. That

III.

That man his journey likely overtakes,
 Who in the morning slumbring sleep forsakes.
 Rising betimes, he briskly takes his way,
 Before the sun his sultry beams display :
 Still making progress, ev'ry step doth tend
 To make him at the last his journey end.

IV.

A rogue detected by proof rightly led,
 Reason for him can no excuses plead :
 As is his crime so must his sentence be ;
 It is unjust to let a rogue go free ;
 For, when he's punish'd, others may take care,
 And not involve themselves into the snare.
 Sure rogues are plagues unto societie ;
 So reason says, that ev'ry rogue should die.

V.

When surly winter with his blasts appear,
 The most inclement season of the year,
 The chilling frosts and icy snows descend ;
 'Gainst them the flow'rs cannot themselves defend ;
 And blust'ring Boreas thunders o'er the plain,
 And robs the fields of all their vernal green :
 So, when the wicked o'er the godly reigns,
 They're made to languish and submit to chains.

50 Golden Verses.

1. **T**HERE'S few or none, that e'er communion had
 With GOD, who are not sometimes sunk and sad,
2. Where ends the work of ministers, therein
 The work of hearers alway should begin.
3. It shews to GOD we have but little love,
 In duties, if unwilling we shall prove

To come thereto, and stay with weariness,
And going from it gladness we express.

4. A man in gifts may be exceeding fat;
Yet lean in grace, yea unregenerate.

5. In want of all things, I can taste and see
How sweet the LORD is many ways to me.

6. Whate'er we suffer, or whate'er it bring,
'Tis sweetest musick to hear conscience sing.

7. Repentances gray-headed seldom prove
Of the right kind, descending from above.

8. To worldly things our thirst should be but cold;
To heav'nly things inflamed, and most bold.

9. 'Tis ease for men to fly from duty's way:
But who can shun th'account at the last day?

10. Thy self to duties customarily take;
But do not duties for mere custom's sake.

11. Out of your houses shut them with disdain,
Who will your GOD in no ways entertain.

12. Associate not with those as friends to thee,
That shew themselves GOD's enemies to be.

13. They cannot be reputed worth mens trust
That unto GOD incline to be unjust.

14. Do thou not venture duty to decline,
Thy liberty pretending to maintain.

15. By this days practice be thou still intending
The past days errors and misdeeds amending.

16. I fear my duties more than sins by far;
Duties puff up, by sins we humbled are.

17. 'Tis well if, when Rome's reliques 'mongst us be,
They don't possession keep for Poperie.

18. Sleep not at night till thou recal to mind
What actions thou hast done the day behind.

19. Fam'ly passions cloud faith, and disturb
Our duties, yea and all our comforts curb.

20. His stock of comforts never can be spent,
Who with Gon's providence lives ay content.

21. That

21. That man can never want his will, whose wit
Doth always to God's holy will submit.

22. They need not of another's bucket drink,
That live always upon the fountain brink :
Nor crutches use, nor stilts of greater length,
Who always are supplied with sp'ritual strength.

23. Let governors and parents always give
A good example in the sphere they live ;
That so their children, and their servants, may
Be influenc'd to practise good thereby.

24. Afflictions that are sanctified do prove
The truest tokens of a special love.

25. If that our houses be not nursing places
For heav'n, and also for the heav'nly graces,
They'll places be for breeding brands for hell,
And ev'ry vice will flourish therein well.

26. Whatever sins in others you'd reprove,
Take double care these sins you do not love.

27. Early beginning in true piety
Makes one quite easy when he comes to die.

28. Defer not that till last which cannot be
Done oversoon, if undone ruins thee.

29. T' eternity to live on we no more
Have, but what here in time we lay in store.

30. To be reproach'd for early piety
Far better is than damn'd eternally.

31. Good education makes good families,
And they again pure churches multiplies.

32. He that's content is rich, tho' ne'er so poor ;
But poor, tho' rich, that can't content procure.

33. Two jubilees are held in heav'n : the one
Is when the angels sing before the throne
At the conversion of a sinner ; next
Is when he is in heav'nly glory fixt.

34. Bad times to live in are, for certaintie,
The best of times for a good man to die.

35. Affliction

35. Afflictions are hard meat for any taster ;
But patience surely is a good digester.
36. Our spiritual state's best by our actions known,
Not only merely by a single one.
37. A Christian will not overtake a sin ;
Yet the sincere hath overtaken been.
38. Sure sad conclusions might be drawn, and would
'Gainst some saints eminent, if that we should
Judge by the rule of some bad actions they
Were guilty of when in their house of clay.
39. As charitable to others if we were
'Twere good, as partial to ourselves we are.
40. The best of saints assurance ne'er could gain,
If't did consist with no imperfect stain.
41. Cross sanctified hath in it mercies more,
Than comforts that unhallo'd are restore.
42. The company a man keeps ordinar'ly
Upon his life is a true commentary.
43. True godliness, tho' persecute, should be
Our choice before profane prosperitie.
44. 'Tis faith's true nature always to make nigh
The things belonging to futurity.
45. It is difficult not to sin, when we
Our passions vent, and very angry be:
But dang'rous sure when anger we are in,
If by our passions we give place to sin.
46. Good scripture logick, sure it is, from thence
To draw conclusions of our confidence,
From premises of pure experience.
47. The poorest person in this world hath more
Than he brought with him of this earthly store ;
And more than he can carry hence away,
When his dead corps shall mingle with the clay.
48. Duties are dang'rous when they're rested in,
Even as well as unrepented sin.

49 If mercy be not as a loadstone here
Unto our God to draw us still more near,
It will be as a millstone, I can tell,
To sink us deeper in the lowest hell.

50. 'Tis sad to lose good men in any ways;
Yea in the best and most sereneſt days :
But when we loſe them in the worſt of times,
It looks like judgment on us for our crimes.

An EPISTLE or New-year's-gift, to a
young Merchant in PERTH, January
1ſt 1751.

THIS ſmall Propine that I have pen'd,
A new-year's gift to you I ſend ;
In hopes it will accepted be,
From one that has regard for thee.

What counſel here I do ſuggeſt,
Altho' it be not well expreſt,
You'll pardon ; for I had not time
To write good numbers, ſenſe or rhyme.

Look round the world, my lad, and ſee,
If providence befriends not thee :
See thouſands of as high a birth
Slaves unto toil, and low as earth ;
While you ſit eaſy, clean and neat ;
And feed upon the beſt of meat ;
Has company of ev'ry ſort,
To which you will, to make reſort.

But be advis'd to have a care,
The worſt of company ſorbear :
Bad company corrupts a youth,
Beware thereof, and cleave to truth.

Conſider what Almighty Jove
Has done for you, and learn to love

Him

Him for his goodness unto thee,
And follow after piety.
Lay something up, for fear old age
With you shall happen to engage :
Wait on your business, and spend
Conform each day as you have gain'd.

Keep two diurnals, and each night
Look o'er them both if they be right ;
I mean, what progress you have made
Both towards heav'n, and in your trade.

If at old age you don't arrive
You may have children four or five,
And leave them tender, young and bare,
If of your trade you take not care.

Beware of pride, let not your gain
Puff up your mind, and make you vain :
Nor at your loss dejected be ;
Remember all's but vanity.

Suppress each carnal appetite,
And never set your heart's delight
On pleasures that are momentary ;
For all things here are transitory.
And cherish ev'ry pious thought
You by God's Spirit have been taught ;
For pleasures that come from above
You'll find the most substantial prove.

If you incline to take a wife,
An helper meet for you thro' life,
Seek first direction from above,
Where, and on whom to fix your love.
And be advis'd good heed to take,
Wed not a wife for money's sake ;
For love of self comes from the devil,
It causeth much mischief and evil :
Let not a Beauty tempt thy choice,
Nor yet a wanton charming voice ;

For these may draw you in a snare,
 Therefore my friend pray have a-care :
 Not the externals of a woman
 Should be admir'd, tho' these are common ;
 But seek for one, till her you find
 That has her beauties in her mind.

Farewell, my lad ; I you commend
 To him that's able to defend
 Both you and me from evils all,
 That any ways can us befall.

I am,

Yours, &c.

ALEX. NICOL.

P O S T S C R I P T.

If any time you have to spare,
 Unto booksellers shops repair,
 Where you your choice of books will find,
 By which you may improve your mind ;
 And what you fancy take away,
 And for each night what's custom pay :
 No time nor cost can better be
 Spent, than in dead men's companie.

Take care what books you chuse to read,
 So that they alter not your creed ;
 For books of heresies delude,
 And do more evil far than good.

But innocent diversions may
 Sometimes perhaps come in your way ;
 Take part thereof, not to excess,
 They will your spirits much refresh.

A. N.

The Brevity of HUMAN LIFE.

WHAT's human life ? alas ! what need I ask ?
To tell, none can adventure such a task.

Some say, a vapour ; some, an empty dream ;
Some say, 'tis like a bubble in a stream ;
Some, less than nothing, or mere vanity,
Or like a cloud before the winds that fly.

We cannot call it life ; for life's a name
That none of all the human race can claim :
For here we stay, but as it were to bait,
And soon remove into another state.
We can't remember how we came to be,
Nor accidents prevent, or them foresee.
Death dogs behind us ; yea, and ev'ry hour,
He doth some part of our frail life devour.
What we call life is nothing but deceit,
A counterfeit, a nothing, and a cheat ;
For we are apt to think to-morrow will
Repay what we to-day have reck'ned ill :
To-morrow comes, perhaps, and yet we find
Its promises more empty are than wind.
Ev'n like the brooks that after sudden rain
Run rapidly, and trav'lers detain ;
These travellers again that way return,
And find its banks and channels deep are worn :
Panting with thirst, yet can have no supply,
By summer's drought these brooks are parched dry :
By these of old Sheba's and Tema's troops,
Were disappointed of their foolish hopes.
Objects of sense, yea whether pain or pleasure,
Steal off the time by which our life we measure :
Then all what's past is like a tale that's told,
All is but glass, instead of upright gold.

We

We seek for joy and satisfaction where
 Nothing is found but sorrow, toil and care.
 All the four ages of our longest life
 Are folly, sin, hard labour, pain and grief.
 Tost to and fro the little time we live,
 All we enjoy no solid joy can give.
 From one extreme we rush upon another,
 And all our hopes in disappointment smother.
 As sparks of fire fly upward, nat'rally.
 Our life to troubles hath a tendency.
 No part or scene of human life is blest;
 For with afflictions God still tries the best,
 And punishes the vicious, and his wrath
 Pursues them still both at and after death.
 So that if we the sweets of life would taste,
 Sweets most substantial, that for ever last,
 We must to God's good will always submit,
 Who will dispose of us as he thinks fit. §

Our transitory life, uncertain, and so short,
 Must be well-spent, if we would have comfort.
 Each day we live still learning how to die,
 And where to fix for our eternitie.
 Tho' to long time our lives cannot extend;
 Yet our existence is not at an end.
 Here we must win eternal well or woe,
 Ere death at last shall strike the fatal blow.

The Eighth Chapter of SOLOMON'S Proverbs.

DO TH not Eternal Wisdom cry,
 Let sons of men rejoice,
 When JESUS CHRIST most pleasantly
 To you lifts up his voice?
 As't were, upon each height he waits,
 By ev'ry path and way.

At village doors and city gates,
He calling thus doth say ;
" To you, O mortal men I call ;
My voice is unto thee,
Both high and low, and great and small,
That sons of Adam be.
Ye that are simple, understand
My wisdom, and be wise,
Ye fools give ear to my command,
And me no more despise.
Hear : for I'll speak things excellent,
My lips right things express ;
To speak the truth is my intent,
I hate all wickedness.
All words that from my mouth proceed,
Are in pure righteousness ;
No froward things in them indeed,
Or ought that is perverse.
They all are plain to him that is
To understand inclin'd ;
And right to him that only does
On knowledge set his mind.
Take my instruction, and withhold
Thine heart from silver bright ;
My knowledge, rather than fine gold
That glisters in thy sight :
For Wisdom sure is better far
Than richest rubies be,
And all things else inferior are
Can be desir'd by thee.
I Wisdom still with prudence dwell,
I knowledge out do find
Of witty things, that do excel
And fit to store the mind.
The fear of God is to hate still
All arrogance and pride

The froward mouth and way that's ill ;
 I cannot them abide
 Good counsel I can only give,
 And Wisdom that's divine ;
 I understanding am, I have
 Strength ; yea, all things are mine.
 By me kings reign, and princes, they
 Their justice do decree ;
 By me they rule, and nobles sway,
 And judges all that be.
 I love them all most ardently
 That have true love to me ;
 Who seek me early, certainly
 I found of such shall be.
 True wealth and honours are with me,
 My riches last for ay ;
 With righteousness they deck'd shall be
 That walk within my way.
 My fruit surpasseth gold most fine ;
 My revenues exceed
 The choicest silver from the mine,
 That's often purified.
 I lead in the most pleasant way
 Of righteousness divine ;
 Amidst the paths of judgment I
 Continually incline :
 That I may cause them that me love
 True substance to inherit
 I'll fill their treasures from above
 With graces of my spirit.
 The LORD JEHOVAH me possess
 From all eternitie
 Before his works of old, at first
 Was none but he and me.
 I was set up e'er time took place,
 From all eternity ;

Before

Before the earth in being was,
Then, and before, was I:
When depths were none brought forth was I,
When waters none could spring,
Before the hills and mountains high
God did in being bring:
While as the earth he had not made
Nor fields nor forests fair,
Nor highest part of dust was laid,
I then existing were:
When he prepared the heav'n's above,
And fixt the spangled sky,
Wherein the various planets move,
There with him, then, was I:
When on the depth a compass he
Did set upon its face,
And fix'd the clouds above that be,
And fountains knew their place;
When he the sea fix'd and decreed
His order not to pass,
When he the earth's foundation did
Appoint to know its place;
Then I was by him, like as one
Brought up with him, and I
Was his delight, and joy'd alone
Before him constantly;
Rejoicing in that part of earth,
Where saints were to remain;
And my delights, e'er they took breath,
Were with the sons of men.
Now therefore, O ye children dear,
Attend to me always;
For blessed are they that me hear,
And ever keep my ways.
Hear my instruction, and be wise,
And do it not refuse;

For blessed are they that always
 To hear my words do chuse ;
 Who watches daily at my gates
 Good counsel he shall gain ;
 Who at my door-posts daily waits,
 My favour shall obtain :
 For whosoever findeth me,
 Their life shall surely save ;
 They of the Lord shall blessed be,
 And still his favour have :
 But he against me that doth sin,
 His own soul wrongeth fore ;
 All they that hate me do incline
 That death should them devour."

The LOVE of CHRIST, an HYMN.

THE Rose of Sharon is my love,
 Sweet both in scent and show ;
 The fairest lily I'll approve
 That in the vallies grow.
 My Christ is altogether fair,
 The chief of thousands ten ;
 There's none with him that can compare
 Among the sons of men.
 More glorious than hills of prey
 Is JESUS, who for me
 Did a far richer ransom pay
 Than thousands worlds can be.
 The tongues and pens of men below,
 And angels all above,
 Cannot the thousand part forth show
 Of my redeemer's love.
 No hyperboles can be express'd,
 Nor no conception frame

Can any mortal in the least,
To celebrate his fame.
Yet I will sing my JESUS' praise,
Tho' in a lisping strain;
In hopes the time will come to pass,
I'll sing with notes more plain.
O well may I say, Love is strong,
And cannot quenched be,
By all the waters that belong
To rivers and the sea.
And Oh the heighth, depth, breadth and length
Of JESUS' love to those,
Who, by his own free grace and strength,
With him by cov'nant close!
As for its height; it was in heav'n
Before the world was fram'd,
When we were by the Father giv'n
To him to be redeem'd:
Its depth brought him to earth below,
To hell, and to the grave;
For he GOD's wrath did undergo,
Our souls from hell to save:
Its breadth extends from sea to sea,
To all the human race;
All Adam's sons will welcome be,
By faith that him embrace:
Yea from, and to, eternity
Its length is without change;
For whom he loves, he loves for ay:
Is not his love most strange?
O if I were beyond the skies
His glory to behold,
I'd ravish'd be with extacies
That here I could not hold.
There numbers numberless surround
His glorious throne above,

M

All bent his praises forth to sound
 In songs of divine love.
 No toil there is them to molest,
 Nor ought like weariness :
 No night is there, nor need they rest ;
 Their songs they never cease.
 With expectation I will wait
 Till that blest time shall come ;
 When my dear LORD shall me invite
 Unto his presence home.

AN HYMN ON DEATH.

FOR certain, LORD, one day I must
 Fall by the hand of death,
 And turn to my origin dust,
 And yield to thee my breath.
 But how uncertain is the time
 When death shall call on me ?
 It may be in my strength and prime ;
 Whene'er it pleaseth thee.
 My times are wholly in thine hand,
 My Being is from thee ;
 Thou art my sov'reign to command,
 I must submissive be.
 LORD, grant me grace now to prepare
 For that last enemy,
 That I may be a conqueror
 Through him that loved me.
 LORD, take away the sting of death,
 Which is the guilt of sin,
 That when I must resign my breath,
 With JESUS I may reign.
 O JESUS, blessed be his name
 To all eternitie,

Who

The Rural Minister 43

Who came to seek, fare and repose,
 Poor sinful worms like me:
 How dreadful is approaching death,
 Where sin's unpardoned!
 The prospect of eternal wrath
 Ten thousand deaths exceed:
 But death unsting'd is a most sweet
 Ambassador of peace,
 That makes our joys to be compleat,
 And all our sorrows cease.
 LORD, fill my soul with ev'ry grace;
 O give me faith and love,
 Repentance, self-denial, peace!
 O set my thoughts above!
 Repare me, LORD, for death; that I,
 When passing death's dark vale,
 By faith on JESUS may rely,
 And neither faint nor fail.

HYMN for a Fellowship Meeting.

SAY brethren, wherefore are we met?
 What is our errand here?
 Is it some stories to relate,
 To gratify the ear?
 Yes; 'tis to talk of stories true,
 Of what was done of old,
 What sacred records to us shew,
 And us our teachers told,
 Here is a story wond'rous strange,
 And yet it is most true,
 That one should happiness exchange
 For mis'ries to ensue:
 Yet this exactly was the case
 Of GOD's eternal son;

He

He took our place in sinners' place,
 And sat on his glorious throne,
 Rather than we should perish'd all;
 As they believ'd to do;
 In consequence of Adam's fall,
 Hell-torments were their due.
 He condescended to come down,
 Our nature did assume,
 To pacify his father's frown;
 He suff'ered in our room.
 No friend like to a friend in need,
 And such a friend was he,
 That for our sins spilt his heart's blood
 Upon the cursed tree.
 Our griefs and sorrows he did bear,
 And by his stripes we're heal'd;
 Yet we not friends, but en'mies were,
 That 'gainst his laws rebell'd.
 To us the name of JESUS shews
 (When mis'ry we were in)
 The greatest and the best of news,
 Salvation for our sin.
 Not only from the pow'r and guilt
 Of sin he makes us free;
 But us he highly doth exalt
 To heav'n with him to be.
 O could we feel the influence,
 Of this transcendent love!
 'Twould conquer self, make us intenc
 For things that are above.



